

# DIVINE POEMS AND MEDITATIONS.

---

IN TWO PARTS.

---

*written by William Williams of the County of Cornwall, Gent. when he was Prisoner in the Kings-Bench, in the Sixty second, and Sixty third year of his Age.*

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Psalm 5. F.

*Ponder my words, O Lord, consider my meditations.*

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L O N D O N, .

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LICENSED

*March the Seventh.*







*To the Honorable Sir Francis Winnington  
Knight, Solicitor General to His Majesty  
King Charles the Second, and a Mem-  
ber of this present Parliament. And to  
Sir John King Knight, Solicitor to  
His Highness the Duke of York.*

**N**Oble Gentlemen, your words  
spoken for me in the High Court  
of Chancery, the First day of  
Trinity Term, 1675. were, like Apples  
of Gold in Pictures of Silver, they  
are fit to be Recorded to posterity, to  
encourage other Worthy Persons that  
now live and may succeed you, to be  
kind and take part to assist Prisoners, for  
they can be grateful (if ingenuous,) you  
little thought what you then spoke for  
me, would be the subject and occasion  
of all these following Lines. The First,  
I took it to be my duty to present to God  
as my Thanksgiving; And then to you  
A 2 which

(which bountifully rewarded and encouraged my gratitude.) This unexpected mercy did so raise my contemplations, (which were formerly exercised in vainer fancies) 'twas God and you that raised my Meditations on more Diviner Poems, if there be any thing in them that be good, let God have the Glory, and you as his Instruments, and the for ever most thankful acknowledgments of your favors, to the infinite comfort of

From my lodging in  
the Mint in *South-*  
*mark*, March 10.  
1676.

Your Honors most faith:

ful and obliged Servant:

*William Williams.*

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To



To the Worshipful *Arthur Sprye* Esq;  
one of His Majesties Justices of the  
Peace, for the County of *Cornwal*, and  
a Member of this present Parliament.

Worthy Sir,

**R** Enowned *Homer*, (for whom *Seven*  
*Cities* contended for the Honor of  
being the place of his Birth,) when he first  
betook himself to Poetry, thought himself  
obliged to express his thankfulness to his  
Benefactors, and first to *Mentor* who took  
care of him when he had sore eyes, and to  
his Master which brought him up in Learn-  
ing, and he gratefully requited *Tychicus* the  
Leather-seller, that received him into his  
House.

If I endeavor to imitate the worthy ex-  
ample of this darling of the *Muses*, and  
render you my most hearty thanks and re-  
cord to all ages, your so Generous, Free,  
and Bountiful love to me, and care of me  
when a Prisoner deserted by my Kindred and

Relations, not sparing your pains in Travel, and cost on my occasions, with your bounty to me other waies, (never to be forgotten) which hath set me sometimes into Admiration of Gods great mercy to me, in raising me such a Friend, that hath sent me so many comforting Letters, which as so many Cordials have revived my sad and drooping Spirits. And that you who are so eminently imployed in the publick, and have so many great affairs of your own, should lay all aside, and Travel, and expend on my occasions, which did never, nor ever was in a capacity so highly to engage you. And all this done, when I was cast down so low, when no satisfaction from me was visible, your favors were then so clear, and continued without any reserve to your self. Your indefatigable pains in being the instrument in Gods hands of setting me at liberty, which is to me the beginning of a new life.

Should not these so eminent favors call me to gratitude, I were worse than the beast that perisb.

Sir. It hath not a little rejoyced my soul  
that

that God (in my old ~~Age~~) hath enabled me  
(amid all this more than Three years cala-  
mity) to have something of my own to present  
you with ( though not worthy of you.) They  
are my Two last years exercises by way of  
Meditations in the Kings-Bench. They  
were for the most part written in the House,  
But Corrected, and Enlarged in the Rules.  
I beseech you accept them as the most grate-  
ful acknowledgment of your so much Care,  
Pains, Travel, and Expence for me. It  
is the only requital that ever I can be ca-  
pable of, and that I can tell after ages that  
I can be thankful.

I shall be most rude and ungrateful, if I for-  
get the favors which I have so chearfully re-  
ceived from the Right Honorable Right wor-  
shipful and many of my noble countrymen,  
and others, by whose bounty and favors I have  
bin supported in this my so long imprison-  
ment. Most thankfully acknowledging their  
favors ( especially of some ) which have ex-  
ceeded far beyond my expectation and all be-  
yond my deserts.

Sir, I pray that you will take these papers  
with

*with the author into your protection, and continue your favor, that God will continue his grace and favor to you, shall ever be the desires of my heart while I breath and remain.*

Your ever obliged Servant

*William Williams.*

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TO

# T O T H E R E A D E R .

*Courteous Reader,*

**I**T is not unknown to many that have bin, and some that now are prisoners in the *Kings-Bench*, in what a sad, disconsolate condition I was for many moneths after I came Prisoner to that uncomfortable place finding my self reduced from so plentiful a condition, to the sad calamities of a Prison ; neglected by my kindred, and relations, from whom I had most cause to expect comforts. And to add to my griefs, I was encountred with railing *Rabshecah's* and cursing *Shimei's* to the great discomfort of my soul,

In Trinity term 1675 I was called by *Habeas Corpus* to answer a bill in chancery, endeavoring to turn me over to the fleet for a contempt as the adversary pretended. It grieved me much to think of a remove, and renew a new place of Torment, I not thinking my self able to answer the court, as might be acceptable, did retain counsel ; But before I was called, my counsel went of, pretending he  
had

had business to attend the Parliament, then sitting, So I was left to my self. But it pleased God soon to supply that defect to my great advantage, by enclining the hearts and tongues of the eminent, and ever to be honored persons, *Sir Francis Winnington* and *Sir John King* to improve the reasons I then delivered, with so much pious and charitable zeal for me, against counsel retained against me, that they got me an order for my return. And at another time enclined one *Mr John Hearl* a counsel at law, and my noble Countryman in like manner, to defend my cause at the Roults unknown to me, and without a fee, for which I make him this my thankful acknowledgment. These so eminent mercys from God, and so great favors from persons of so high place and parts, with whom I had never spoken, nor seen their faces as I knew of, made me admire Gods great mercy to me a Prisoner, meerly upon principals of Honor and Charity.

These providences my Adversary observing Gods dealing with me stopt the violence of his proceeding, and the Matter in-  
difference



difference is like to have a better composure, and my Adversary is become my friend. When I returned to the *Kings-Bench* I took it to be my duty to return thanks and praises to God for his so great a mercy never to be forgotten. The which I did in the manner as is hereunto annexed, which I hope God hath accepted of. For since which time I began to write these following meditations, which never before did dare to adventure on such subjects. But since I am never well nor at quiet with my soul, but when I am about such exercises, and I was so far from helps, as it is well known that I had to many hindrances.

I will not say to you that I present you with the fruits of idle hours, but of the best hours that ever I spent. For it hath set more gladness in my heart than when the Corn, and wine and oyl encreased.

It may be that the reverend Clergy will be offended with me, for presuming to take upon me to descant on Scriptures. I humbly beg their pardons. Yet I hope I have not abused any text that I have insisted on. But kept close to the matter of it, without making any vain fictions and truly I had scarce any book but  
the

the bible. And I was without that too, until I complained of it, as one of my greatest wants for my spiritual refreshment to a very good Lady *Madam Scawen* who presently sent me a very good Bible. And I was beholding to Mr *Stretch* the Minister of the *Kings Bench*, which really is a very civil person to prisoners doing them any good offices that lies in his power; he lent me also Doctor *Featleys* Sermons. And from thence as in my daily practice, and observations, as my fancy led me, I took some things to meditate on for my divertisement. The which I hope they will charitably censure these weak exercises, and accept them not as coming from a colledg, but a Prison. I have much hopes of their favors, for I have communicated some of these to several good Divines, from whom I have had good encouragement, which I shall ever most thankfully acknowledge.

I believe, that there be some that will tax me for too much boldness for coming forth in print, And condemn these as weak and indigested. I am sensible enough of the weakness of them, and therefore they may save that Labor. But should I be without reproof, I should fare much better, than many far my betters, who cannot escape the tongues of such carping *Zoilus's*, who have only wit to censure, and not to amend, and think nothing well done, because they do it not, yet will quarrel at the private diver-

divertisements of a poor Prisoner.

Should I to add to the heat of their fiery tongues burn these papers, or let them rot by me, I am sure it would do less good, than they will do now. For though they want the rethorical streins of great learning, yet they are the plain and harmles exercises of an old man a Prisoner, that may have the good hap to meet with more charitable and courteous persons, that will friendly accept them from a Prisoner under so long, and severe a Calamity.

These *Boanerges*, or Sons of Thunder I shall not Court, but leave them to their carping dispositions. But you whose pious Charity will be pleased to take this little Babe into your hands, and dispise it not, though born in a Prison. It speaks the language of the Scriptures. I have some eminent predecessors, and presidents even from Prisons, and I hope I do shew the duty and honor, I have ever born to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of *England*, In which I was born and bread. And I have ever taken it to be my duty to defend it even in the worst of times to my irreparable ruin, as is too visible. Therefore I hope it will meet with more charitable, humble, and good dispositions, that will friendly accept of and charitably pass by a Prisoners failings. And if they may have the good fortune to find acceptance, It will give much satisfaction for the pains taken by

Your hearty well wishing friend

*William Williams*

Psalm 32. 11. *Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, mercy embraceth him on every side.*

I N.



## INTRODUCTION.

*A Prisoners thanksgiving, that was by Habeas Corpus brought to the Chancery Bar ( by one that he had trusted with his Estate ) the first day of Trinity term, where having exprest himself, it moved so much pitty, that it pleased God to raise to his assistance, Sir Francis Winnington, and Sir John King most effectually to plead his cause, without ever being spoke to, or retained, meerly out of principles of pitty and charity, for which the Prisoner at his return to the Kings-Bench wrote as followeth.*

**C**An I forget thy mercies Lord, this day,  
So freely shew'd me? can I make delay  
To give thee praise oh Lord, 'twas by thy power  
I spake so feelingly, that happy hour  
Wherein thou shew'd'st thy goodness, Lord, 'twas thine  
All powerful providence, not art of mine,  
Thou didst direct great counsel to assist  
A prisoner poor, encountred in the list  
With other counsel, whose design yet mist me.  
Lord, thou didst 'ope their mouths for to assist me,  
For which I shall for ever praise thy name,  
Too weak's my pen for to exprest the same.  
Accépt dear Lord, my thankful hearts expression,  
That's fill'd with praises, let not the Transgression

## Introduction.

Of my frail heart, be hindrance to declare  
Thy praises in a work so pious, rare  
That Lawyers which are men design'd for hire  
Should freely speak, 'twas cause thou didst inspire  
Their hearts, and made them unto pitty bent,  
To plead the cause of the poor innocent ;  
That was by wiles and promises seduc'd,  
Being assured much good should be infus'd  
To me and mine. But, Lord, thou truly art  
The God of truth, and searcher of the heart.  
Thou know'st what cruel threats I have endur'd,  
That did expect relief, and be assur'd  
Of some kind usage, but that I must see  
My whole dependance is alone on thee.  
Thou hast still by thy own Almighty power  
Preserv'd me, to this very day and hour.  
Dear Lord, 'twas thou that dost provide for me  
Means of support, when prest with misery.  
Continue still thy all preserving power,  
Leave me not helpless in my latest hour ;  
A waken still in me a thankful heart,  
That from depending on thee, may not part,  
But let my hope be cast on thee that can  
Preserve me from the cruel rage of Man,  
Whose projects are to starve this body frail,  
Oh keep me, Lord, that they may not prevail.  
Thou that canst bless the little stock of meal  
And by thy power art able to reveal  
Wonderful providences, to preserve  
The weakest mortals, who in faith thee serve!  
Give me content, oh let me not repine  
At thy just dealings for those sins of mine!  
Pardon my youthful wandrings, aged faults,  
My many weaknesses, and numerous halts,  
My crooked walks, oh let my sad condition  
Excite a pious grief, for my transgression

Against

## Introduction

Against thy sacred name, let me implore  
Thy heavenly grace to help me, oh restore  
To me an humble heart, that may submit  
To what thy knowing wisdom shall think fit  
For me poor mortal, who am weak and frail  
VVhose only hopes in Christ is to prevail.  
Lord, wash me in his blood, then shall I be  
Though black by nature yet made white by thee;  
And though I am in Prison cast full low,  
Raife me again good God, and now bestow  
Thy abundant graces, let thy will be done  
I am resolv'd thy will to wait upon,  
Until my change shall come, do not delay  
That happy hour, that I may see the day  
VVhen thou by death wilt perfectly restore me,  
Lord, let a prisoners sighes now come before thee.

## Psalm 86. 17.

*Shew some good token upon me for good, that they  
which hate me, may see it, and be ashamed: be-  
cause thou Lord, hast holpen me, and com-  
forted me.*

Phil-



Phillippians Chap. 4. v. 12.

*I know how to abound, and how to suffer need, &c.*

**D** *ivineſt Saint*, there's few on Earth but thee  
Have learnt contentment, a felicity  
Beyond all Arts; th'Apoſtle only can  
Approve himſelf the beſt contented Man]  
A Leſſon which the World hath long forgot  
To ſet in practice, (Men affect it not)  
This is a thing unpleaſing to their taſt,  
Therefore in ſad repining time they waſt.

Were Heavens delightful Paths beſet with pleaſures  
For Sence to revel in, our chiefeſt Treasures  
Would there be plac'd, our ſenſual hearts would be  
Too full of Joy, in Earths felicity.  
Were there no rubs, nor ſtops to make us faint,  
Who would not be a Convert, and a Saint?  
The Crown of Glory, it would truly be,  
As the ſweet Garlands of Eternity:  
But he that enters Heavenly bliſs muſt wear,  
A Crown of Thornes e're he attain that Sphear.

Fond Worldlings are ſquainly ſtuſt with Pride,  
That a Holy meekneſs can not abide,

B

Unleſs

Unless it carry pleasing Pomp aloft ;  
 Religious Meekness, it is seldom ~~but~~ *lost*  
 Preaching of Patience, it doth Clearly Show,  
 There are sublime enjoyments which we owe  
 Due reverence to, and yet we will not learn  
 This holy Lesson, fully to discern  
 Our vain repinings at the Almightyes ways,  
 Who can cast down, and in a moment raise  
 Our better fortunes ; But th'Apostle here  
 Hath nobly learnt, for to Sustain and bear  
 His pinching wants, sans Murmurings or grudge  
 At his Corrections, thats a righteous Judge.

He that hath bid us seek the heavenly glory,  
 Tells us that earthly things are transitory ;  
 And after this vain Heathens, they do walk ;  
 And shall we Christians like the Heathens talk ?  
 And have no higher prospect, than this world  
 For which the Angels from the heavens were hurl'd ?  
 Shall we lye groveling in this lower Sphear  
 Rowling our selves in Carnal pleasures here,  
 Making morality our only bliss  
 And have no other thoughts of Heaven than this ?  
 Was it for this that the Eternal Lord  
 Bow'd the high Heavens, and came with free accord,  
 Leaving his Throne, to bring us unto glory ?  
 Then let us cease from things so Transitory ;  
 And raise our souls unto sublimer Joys,  
 For terrene pleasures are but foolish Toys.

Vain is that Man, which foolishly doth wrap  
 His chief felicity in natures Lap ;  
 And all the dull enjoyments of his Sence  
 With care, and vehement Toyle, to fetch it thence :  
 Tell me then man, That doest in pleasures swim,  
 And halt the Cup with joy fill'd to the brim,



Hast thou forgot thy God, thy Guide, thy Maker?  
 Be not so stupid, lest thou be partaker  
 Of endless Torments, should the Luminaries  
 Loose their bright Lusters; that but seldom varies;  
 And put on purple Robes, that Direful sight  
 Of bleeding planets, would thy soul affright;  
 Or if the air were turn'd into a stream  
 Of blood, by that most powerful hand Supream;  
 Or could thy deafned ear, but hear the blast  
 Of the last direful Trump, what speedy hast  
 Wouldst thou then make? & be most fully bent  
 To check thy Fancy, posing to repent?  
 Such things prodigious greatly would affright  
 The Bold 't' prophaner, that took delight  
 In actions, Sacrilegious wicked ways,  
 The memorie then of former sinful days  
 Will fill the inner man, with dismal fright;  
 And make the Sinner restless day, and night.  
 Oh man remember this! 'Tis truth alas  
 The enjoyments of the world are poor, and pass  
 Away like empty aire, there's no fruition,  
 But *Dives* like, we make a sad petition.

So doth the vain voluptuous worldling laugh  
 At pure religion, and do vainly quaff,  
 Scorning the poor oppressed Suffering Man,  
 And shew him all the envious spight they can;  
 As though a pious life could not enjoy;  
 Some tides of pleasure; but have still annoy  
 His sight's bemisted, he can't yet descry  
 The expected hopes of blest eternity;  
 He thinks himself Secure, and free from strife  
 And knowes no Joyes, but in this present life.  
 Did we but know, these rich rewards will fall  
 On the religious poor, to crown them all,

What happines attendeth on the Motion  
 Of suffering Saints, in their most pure devotion?  
 'Twould make us triumph in our low estate,  
 And be in love with hardship at this rate;  
 Imbracing poverty with a holy zeal,  
 To enjoy that bliss, which we cannot reveal:  
 'Twould comfort in our very low estate,  
 When suffering by the cruel hand of fate  
 From Men enrag'd, but we are still to learn  
 The Apostles rule, to wait, till the return  
 Which crowns, with bliss, the patient waiting Soul,  
 That still expects in faith without controul.

And yet how hardly do we grief endure,  
 When smallest troubles do our souls inure  
 With so much passion, that we hardly can,  
 Bear the least brunt of Scorne! so vain is man;  
 So senseless are we of Gods greatest power,  
 Forgetful wretches, that even every hour  
 We censure, and accuse thy providence,  
 Like faithless persons, scarce enricht with sence.

Lord ope our eyes, and make us plainly See  
 The worlds vain shews, Mans insufficiency,  
 That empty air, the pleasures here below,  
 Grant these Joyes that from thy presence flow;  
 To these good Lord let our hearts still stand bent,  
 So shall we evermore have full content.

*Meditation.*

5

Job 2. 10.

*In all this did not Job Sin with his Lips.*

**W** As Job a statue, was his noble heart  
Impenetrable? could not Sorrows Smart  
Move his so fixed Soul? nor yet Hells hate,  
His so Strong bulwark conscience penetrate?  
Behold him then, mirror of patience,  
Whom all the Legions could not fright him thence!

Nay he could breath divinity in groans,  
Make sighs his Musick, and in sacred tones,  
Turn sorrows into Sermons, and his pains  
To pious Lectures, improving for gains  
Even saddest sufferings, and did never vent  
The least investive, from foul discontent.

How wondrous is that soul, that is so fixt,  
Valiant in conflict, and indeed not mixt  
With base repinings, but can bear his Cross,  
And triumph in it, without sence of loss!  
By suffering much humility hath taught  
Job patience, which with greatest care he sought  
So nobly that it doth adorn his parts,  
And makes them lovely, ev'n beyond all arts;  
Like the Philosophers stone, that with each touch!  
Turns all to gold, and doth the same enrich;  
His very grave becomes a cabinet  
Of precious dust, the which is all beset  
With Saphires, like a Rock that stoutly braves  
The raging Sea, and its tempestuous Waves:  
Or like the morning Sun that shines most bright  
After 't hath long bin clouded from our sight,

And more transparent shines to the eye of sense,  
Attracting many muddy vapors hence.

For like the conquering palm, that still doth flourish  
Under its pressures, which doe never nourish  
His spreading limbs, into a full extent  
Maugre the cloggs, and weights of punishment.

Job these are but poor emblems of thy glory,  
Like as the Lower Spheres are transitory,  
Hurri'd with storms, but still thy high-born soul,  
Like the true loadstone, points the heavenly pole,  
And turns no other way, although surrounded  
With griefs abounding, thou art not confounded.

Tell me of stones, whose power can expell,  
Or herbs whose virtue, can indeed repell  
The dangerous Thunder, these are of small power,  
Compar'd with that most glorious sparkling Tower  
His soul, that these flames only purifie  
And brighter made, so that we may descry  
His conquering glory, o're the worlds great fame  
In which he is a Mirror still the same.

And shall our light afflictions temporary  
Discourage us from climbing to thy glory,  
And drive us from thy service, by such Toyes  
As Satan casts to hinder purer Joyes?  
No, thou dost skreen thy love in discontent,  
And shewest thy goodness in our punishment;  
And whilst we do most foolishly repine,  
And grumble at this providence of thine  
Being too much troubled, at the smallest cross  
Of wealth, and Honor, which doe us so ross  
With vain affections, shews we cannot take  
Danger of sufferings for thy blessed sake;

But are without true sence, of thy dear Love;  
 And the Celestial Glory that's above;  
 Treasur'd for us, our duty's to submit  
 To thy blest will, and all thou thinkest fit;  
 Triumphant in our sufferings, not repine;  
 Lord bow our wills unto that will of thine  
 Eternal wisdom. Let it now be done  
 To thine own Glory, and thine only Son.

Romans 6. 12. and part of 21.

*Let not Sin therefore reign in you mortal bodies;  
 that you should obey in the Lusts thereof: For  
 the end of these things are Death.*

**T**He Blest, and Learn'd Apostle here doth Preach  
 Attonement made by Christ, doth likewise teach  
 Th'effects and power of Baptism here on earth,  
 Saying, we'er all Baptiz'd into his Death,  
 And shall be surely raised from the Grave,  
 By th'only power of him that did us save  
 From Death Eternal, and may freely walk  
 In a renewed Life, and thereof talk  
 To th' comfort of our Souls, and Crucifie  
 Our foul affections wherein we descry  
 Sins large dominion in us, it's recoyl'd  
 Which only Christ in Love did reconcile;  
 Made us alive to God by's intercession;  
 Therefore, let sin not raisn to the transgression  
 Of Gods most Holy will, nor yet obey  
 The raging Lusts thereof, which do bear sway  
 Within our mortal bodies, while w'have breath,  
 Remembring that the end thereof is Death.

Who'l fancy such felicity on earth,  
Which quite expireth with this present breath,  
And the reward of Lusts will surely be  
Filled with horror, and calamity.

Had we no hopes, and were our senses gone,  
Had we no thoughts of a Resurrection,  
To raise again decayed natures frame,  
To a more noble shape, than is the same,  
Then might we well thus drown our selves in pleasure,  
And think on Heaven at our remotest leasure;  
Like Epicures Study, and still invent,  
New fashioned Luxury with an intent,  
For to be thought ingenious, Rich in Wit,  
And take felicity to revel in it.  
Thinking that all confusion would do well,  
And make no reckning either of Heaven or Hell;  
But mingle all into a wild confusion,  
By making such Athittical conclusion,  
Yea, deem't no scandal for to be thus build  
To Blasphemy, as for to think the world  
Is without God; no, stop thy prophane breath,  
Sins certain wages is eternal death.

'Tis not the fear of death that takes thee hence,  
But the horror of a guilty conscience  
That doth affright thee: when the sting of death  
Seizeth our vital parts, and stops our breath,  
The memory of our sins doth smartly sting  
Awakened conscience; when we'er hovering  
Over our Graves, where we must soon be laid,  
Then Hell and Judgment make us most afraid  
Who suffred sin to vaunt thus in our blood,  
Following our Lusts, and shunning what is good,

Tell

Tell me O thou, who makest Earth thy Treasure,  
And wrapst thy self up in the softest pleasure;  
'Tis but a little Span before thine eyes,  
With age grown weak and weary, yea despise  
Such objects, when each tired limb doth crack  
With anguish of those pains, thy crimes did make,  
Which were th'officious instruments to act  
Sins fatal Scene, and following the tract  
Of Lusts, and Luxury, rev'ling with hear,  
That sets thy darling body in a sweat,  
Afflicts thee with the terrors of these fires,  
Which thou hast kindled with thy foul desires.  
Strictly examine now thy self, vain man,  
Whether these flattering false enjoyments can  
Restore thy soul, which they have stoln from Heaven  
Recover it again, and so make even  
That long and vast accompt, which heretofore,  
Thou hast laid by, and set it on the score  
Of thy blest Saviour, stop, I say, bewail  
The memory of thy crimes, and so prevail  
To get that pardoning mercy, that doth heal  
All broken hearts that unto Christ appeal;  
Breathing such aires, whose Musick soon would charm,  
Like *Dauids* Harp, 'twill drive away all harm;  
Still conscience cries, make Musick to delight  
Th'Almighties ears, and bring thee to his sight.

Where are those fond diversions, that did take  
Up thy vain thoughts, and did as shadows make  
A transcient splendor, which prov'd little gain  
It could not bribe thy pardon, nor obtain  
The least reprieve to keep thee from the Grave,  
Or be a means at all thy soul to save.



See ye blind Lovers, of this Mass of Clay,  
 How quickly your enjoyments fade away,  
 Being built on such Foundations, which do slide  
 And turn to Rubbish, it will not abide  
 Your vain felicities, they have no power  
 For to secure you in the latest hour.  
 Yea, that impartial Conqueror, pale Death  
 Will seize your Vitals, and stop your Breath:  
 Such as delight in pleasures, live in flame,  
 And Death will bring them Torments, Hell, and Shame  
 All that now spurn at Virtue, and it Scoff,  
 Following vain pleasures, and the Lusts thereof.

Bewitching World, thou, thou betray'st our sence,  
 And smoothly wheels us to impenitence,  
 Making transitory pleasures our delight,  
 And through dark mists, leads to Eternal night,  
 Yet we imbrace, and hug the waies of Sin,  
 And with a pleasing madness live therein;  
 Stopping our ears to the profers of thy Love,  
 The which would raise us to the joyes above,  
 Wildly we follow the dictates of sence;  
 And all those vile affections flowing thence.

Pitty, O Lord, our Captiv'd natures frail,  
 And give us such desires as may prevail  
 Over our Lusts, that our whole Souls may be,  
 Breathings in perfect longings after thee,  
 With holy fervency, whilst we have breath,  
 Knowing that thins reward is certain Death.

Matthew



Matthew 15. 28.

*And he said unto her, O Woman great is thy Faith.*

**B**lest importunity, that did procure  
 An answer to Divine, that did assure  
 The poor impatient woman in distress,  
 Of'r Daughters cure, to ease her heaviness,  
 Her answers were so plous, they did tell  
 That in her breast did all the grates dwell,  
 And richer Mines of Treasure there were hid,  
 Then Princes Crowns, though highly valued,  
 All Palestine, and the rich Spices there,  
 Could not procure a Cordial, to compare  
 With her strong Faith, which could have no denial,  
 But cur'd two Souls, sans any further trial,  
 Save only this, the great Physician saith  
 Unto this suppliant, *Great is thy Faith.*  
 Faith is a grace, prevails with God above  
 To work great wonders, Mountains to remove,  
 To smoothe the rugged Ocean for a walk,  
 For *Peters* feet, to hear his Saviour talk,  
 It stops the Mouths of Lyons, quenches fire,  
 'Twas the Centurians Faith got his desire:  
 It cures the blind, in Scripture we may see,  
 Our Saviour saith, *Tby Faith hath saved thee.*

And yet the Faith, that hath such wonders wrought,  
 Is quite neglected, and not duly sought,  
 Some place the greatness of their Faith in merit,  
 And think thereby Salvation to inherit:  
 In many such a fancy there doth dwell,  
 They think it Faith enough for to do well.

But naked speculations will not get  
 The heavenly prize, 'tis vanity to set  
 Our faith in our abilities & parts;  
 This is a doctrine which exceeds all arts.  
 Faith's rooted in the soul most firm and stable,  
 By which the Blessed *Abraham* was able,  
 For to believe Gods promise true, to bless  
 His seed, which God did count his righteousness;  
 'Tis not profession only, that makes noise,  
 But wee must practice to obtain true Joyes:  
 Yet mourning souls, when they do sigh and groan,  
 Are in the road unto the heavenly Throne:  
 They'l find acceptance, pardon for defects,  
 Which doth our souls, and bodies thus perplex.  
 Let no one think he can take to much pain,  
 To be assur'd that Heaven he shall attain.  
 Thus was the Womans faith, so firmly fixt  
 That it no shew of doubting with it mixt,  
 The eccho of the voice did straight affright,  
 Foul Sathan from his hold, not all his might  
 Could keep possession, when our Saviour Spake,  
 He quickly vanisht, and did her for sake.

Thus doth our faiths divine all powerful Charms,  
 Drive Satan to his Chain, and free all harmes,  
 Raiseth immortal statues to the Just,  
 And makes their names venerable in dust;  
 Yea, seals their happiness for ever sure,  
 With Christ in glory ever to endure.

Thou sent'st thy Son, O Lord, for us to Die,  
 That we through him might gain eternity;  
 Him whom thou hast advanc'd above all things,  
 Is pleas'd to take us under his blest wings;

That

*Meditation.*

13

That we may have the triumphs of his Cross;  
And afterward, Heavens glory without loss.  
Let not the miseries of our natures frail,  
Which first did with thy mercies rich prevail;  
Oh let not these which only know thy power;  
More zealously acknowledge thee each hour:  
Than we to whom thou manifests thy love,  
And claim an interest in thy Christ above.  
Let us be ever thankful for his merit,  
By whose rich bounty we shall sure inherit  
The heavenly mansions, and shall ever be  
Above faith there, to wait all times on thee:  
That faith with which thou givest every grace,  
And without which, we nere shall see thy face;  
Teach us thy mercies, so far to apply,  
That we neglect not means, and so relie  
On faith, that's dead, or on a vaine dissembling;  
Salvation's had by faith, faith's Join'd with trembling.

---

John

John 12. 2.

*But Lazarus was one of those that sat at the Table with him.*

**D**id Jews take Council for to put to Death  
The blessed Lord of Life, which gave them breath?  
Was he aware of their most barbarous talk,  
That openly with them he would not walk?  
But came to *Beithani* where *Lazarus* lay,  
And there he freely Supt, and made some stay;  
Where *Martha* serv'd, as well as she was able,  
And *Lazarus* one of them that sat at Table.

Could *Lazarus* eat, and did his stomach crave,  
That was so lately risen from the Grave?  
Is his late Tomb a Table, now his dress  
That bound his head, his Napkin at that Mess?  
He that but now feasted the worms for meat,  
Doth feast himself, and with the Living eat.  
The Mercies of our God's above all things,  
He sets at Table with the King of Kings.

There hath been some, all lifeless pall stretcht out  
For Coffin, until others went about  
To tin that spark of life that close lay hid,  
As glimmering in the heart not wholly dead.  
And by endeavors have call'd back that heat,  
Which hath enabled them again to eat,  
But here 'twas otherwise with *Lazarus*  
As Holy Writings tell us;  
He's rais'd from real death, yet *Martha* cry'd,  
Lord, if thou hadst been here, he had not dy'd.

Behold,

Behold, him now as risen from his bed,  
 All flesh and life, no whit disfigured,  
 Perfect, and whole, really rendred able,  
 To feast himself with joy at the same table  
 Where his redeemer sups, a blessed feast,  
 Where *Lazarus* is admitted to be Guest!  
 He's throng'd with multitudes, aged, and younger,  
 Which came to be spectators of the wonder;  
 Yet would not believe the power that wrought it,  
 But wickedly oppos'd, and never sought it.  
 Thy thought of heaven on earth, inrich with treasures,  
*Elysian* fields, or such like feigned pleasures.

Restored *Lazarus* though thou hast new breath,  
 There is a time will bring a second death:  
 Yet thou art happy in the sacred story,  
 Inrich with that entitles thee to glory.  
 A happiness indeed beyond expression,  
 Death will thee bring unto the full possession  
 Of the blest Mansions, with the Saints in bliss;  
 Where Angels Sing and every Comfort is.  
 Come, tell me *Lazarus*, didst thou e're believe  
 T'enjoy the world again, and to receive  
 Thy rise from grave, before the general day,  
 And grand assize, which we must obey,  
 Thy sisters doubted it, but yet did see  
 This miracle of mercy shewed to thee,  
 Who wilt so walk, and be a great adorer  
 Of breath divine, That was thy great restorer!

What numbers of expiring souls are frighted,  
 At the horror of those crimes, that once delighted  
 Their sensual appetites? (The dying man)  
 Scar'd with his pains would lengthen out his Span,

And

And gladly turn their late profaner ayres  
To penitential sighs, and earnest prayers;  
New tune their lives into most pious strains,  
And be sufficient gainers for their pains.

He that defers it to the latest hour  
Shall find his weakness, will not have the power  
And vigor of that zeal, that should invoke  
Mercy divine, for to remove the Yoke  
Of sin, that doth so heavy on us lie,  
And so benumbs us that we can't descry  
Our sins aright, the which we must confess  
With truth of heart, and humble holiness;  
Therefore, we should make use of strength and parts  
To invoke that God, which searches hearts,  
And though his Judgments high are and sublime,  
He saith to wandring sinners, at what time  
You shall repent indeed, and humbly mourn,  
I'll meet you, ( if with faith ) you do return.  
And he whose piety hath any taste  
Of heavenly Joies, will never vainly waste  
His precious time, nor no more fondly range,  
But long, and be ambitious of his change.

Lord, it was thy Almighty power did save  
Good *Lazarus* being carried to his grave,  
Return'd him Living. 'Twas thy love divine  
That made thy Almightyness, so far to shine,  
And made thee to discover that great power,  
Which can raise mortals, every day and hour.  
Oh let thy grace concur in me, to raise,  
And to reform my soul, that all my days  
I may improve endeavors to fulfill  
Thy pious precepts, and perform thy will  
Which bind my conscience, dear Christ, do this rather  
By that dear love, which drew thee from thy father,

To save lost Man, let th'Scepter of thy word  
Have influence on me, that may afford  
All spiritual comfort, which may ne're depart  
From me, but live for ever in my heart,  
That I may live a Life of Joy and bliss,  
'Mongst the blest Saints in perfect happiness,  
Where nothing else but Sin can shut me out,  
Lord, grant thy mercy, then I shall not doubt.

---

Genesis 2. 8.

*And the Lord God Planted a Garden Eastward  
in Eden.*

**W**AS God a Planter? Did he thus take pain  
So early for us, with some hopes to gain  
Our Souls Immortal? how hath poor vain Man  
Fancy'd some other place? tell me, who can?  
Where was the Garden plac'd? Leave thy vain quest,  
It was in *Eden Eastward*, be at rest.

See, how ambitious Mortals; here are tost  
With nice enquiries, since Old *Adam* lost,  
That there was such a place, we need not doubt it;  
Our Parents sin'd, and therefore went without it;  
So quickly doth our sin blast our enjoyment,  
Man walk'd, and view'd, and lost it in a moment;  
Was suddenly expell'd, the rising Sun  
But newly warm'd the Earth, Mans Joyes were done,  
This Ball was withered, into a dry complexion,  
And Man deprest to servile base subjection:  
The Heavens scarce seated well in their right Orb,  
By Pride the Angels fell, that did disturb  
The frame Divine, and the base Serpents breath  
Cast out contagion over all the Earth,

In that sweet Paradise epitomiz'd  
For its rare fragrancy, was Man surpriz'd;  
Shut out, excluded from those purer smells  
Of new created flowers, took his farewells;  
Thus man being stript of his most glorious prize,  
By that foul friend the father of all lies;  
He takes the fig-tree, for his last retreat,  
His leaves for cloathing, and his fruit for meat;  
How perfectly, hath *Adams* issue spent  
Their vain desires, and their affections bent  
On fond felicities, and gainless Toyes,  
Selling Heavens Paradise, and all its Joys;  
Covetous man doats on his god of gold,  
As though there were no other to behold  
Counts his chief happiness is only there,  
Though stamp't in hell it self, and if it were  
The Image of the beast, it will not deter  
Man from it, But he'll be competitor  
With Prince of darkness, for some glorious Toy  
Of Terrene pomp, slighting his chiefest Joy;  
Makes wantonness his heaven, and carnal pleasures  
His chief divinity, wanting right measures  
In this his choice, But he will quickly find  
These upstart lights, but darkness to his mind  
Sent by the King of darkness, in derision  
To cast affronts, and puzzle our religion;  
Ecclipse the Gospel by their vain pretences  
To bleer our eyes, and to benight our senses.  
When they pretend to cloath us with more skill,  
They strip us of our cloathing at their will.  
They'd shut us out of heaven, I'd rather bee  
For ever blind, than by their balme to see  
Of Satans making, nor yet be partaker  
Of such a lesson to distrust my Maker.



So miserably are we by frailties tost;  
Not only Paradise, but Heaven is lost.  
We loose not only pleasures here below;  
But joys divine, which thou wilt sure bestow  
On us poor Mortals, he that then was chief  
Monarch of the whole world, doth now with grief  
Groan under his great burden, and doth lie  
Amongst the shades in sad obscurity.  
We might ev'n all have bin, for ever cast  
Out of Gods sight, but he that's first, and last  
Breathed a new life into our 'clipsed state,  
By his prevailing merits, and he sate  
A mediator for our bould transgression?  
Lord, grant in mercy wee may have possession  
Of Heaven, and heavenly Joys, disdain the Dross  
Of pleasures, and indeed may fear the loss,  
Of our poor souls; that when we do expire  
We may be carried to the heav'nly Quire,  
Into that paradise, that never fades,  
To sit for ever in celestial shades,

---

Luke 10. 25.

*And behold, a certain Lawyer stood up and  
tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I  
do to Inherit Eternal Life.*

**B**Ehold, Christ's mission he doth freely send  
His chosen seventy for this blessed end,  
To preach the Gospel, and he doth admonish  
Them to have humble hearts, and not astonish  
His zealous ones, that do desire to learn  
The mysteries of faith, and would discern  
The way unto salvation, by such guide,  
Not following the over active pride.  
Of fond Enthusiasts, and their bold intent,  
That skip so fast, and run before they'r sent.  
No, God's the God of order, law and right,  
As the lawyer here observes, at the first sight  
His faith was quick, ingenious, bold and rise,  
VVhat shall I do to attain eternal life.

T'was the best query, that ever he made,  
It gain'd him more, than all his pleading trade  
Could ever get him, he was bid to look  
Into the law, for fear that he mistook.  
T'was no disgrace to follow such a suit,  
As did concern his soul, had he bin mute,  
Then he had mist the time for to enquire  
The way to bliss, which was his chief desire.

This was the highest cause, he'ere could plead,  
T'was for him self, Gods spirit did him lead  
To make that happy question in such sort,  
For he had never read of a report

Given in this case, no, not, in all his reading  
Of judg'd cases, 'twas not his learned breeding.  
Philosophy indeed doth reach no higher,  
Than moral virtue, it doth not inspire  
The spirit of grace, 'tis that which works by love,  
That doth acquaint us with the joyes above.  
T'was this inspir'd our Lawyer to this task,  
To run to Christ, and him so boldly ask.  
'Twas now high time indeed for him to run  
To move this question, or hee'd been undone;  
For he had bin retain'd too long to plead  
In others causes, leaving his own in dread.  
He almost had forgot his better part,  
I mean his soul, which prickt him to the heart,  
And it did all his vital senses seize,  
Which made him strongly plead for writ of ease.

How natural are enquiries after blifs?  
Even pagans study it darkly, and amiss;  
The joyes they fancy, Paradise will yield  
Are meer Chimera's, their Elysian field  
Of carnal pleasures fill'd, are thought to be,  
Which they affect as their felicity.

But its the genuin sense of a good mind  
Full fraught with virtue, carefully to find  
Something above the world, therefore, how vain  
Are worldlings, which so foolishly take pain,  
Making their chief enquiries, but for dross,  
Vexatious vanities, subject to loss  
Without a holy care! this Lawyer, wise  
Makes right enquiry, and demands advice  
Of the best counsel, T'whom he doth resort,  
Ev'n him that best can answer, and report.  
Some, Some, there are that only do enquire  
After good titles, make it their desire.

'Tis there divinity, lead them that way,  
 So they grow rich, they care not who decay :  
 If they cant Rant, and swagger, cheat and prate,  
 They'll sell eternity at any rate.  
 So sadly doe our vices drown religion,  
 That to enquire of heaven, is held derision.  
 There's no such airy questions in their books,  
 It's trivial, of no worth, 't will spoil their looks,  
 And marr their pleading, yea their gain, that's chief,  
 Have no such memorandum in their brief.

Stop then vain Man, consider with thy self,  
 Why dost thou covet to grasp so much pelf ;  
 It's not the flattering title of a name,  
 Guilded with massiey Gold, can keep thy shame  
 From the Almighty's eyes, so full of light  
 That do observe thy pleadings wrong or right,  
 Plead like the Lawyer here for a possession :  
 It's suitable to every Mans profession  
 To plead for Heaven ; The client must not leave  
 That suit unfollowed, least he doth deceive  
 His Heaven born soul, for they must both appear  
 Before one bar, in trembling, and in fear ;  
 There's no delay when cal'd, no writ can move,  
 Our day of hearing's fixt in Heaven above.

Lord let us with delight approach to thee,  
 Which art chief counsel in extremity,  
 And not reflect on parts, demurs of wit,  
 But eye that Throne, whereon indeed doth sit  
 The Judge of all the Earth, from whole clear sight  
 No flesh can hide it self, Let our delight  
 Be to enquire thy wales, which chiefly tend  
 To that true glory ne'r shall have an end.  
 The Lawyers most importunate request,  
 Let it with zeal ev'n always warm our breast,

And stir up in our hearts a holy strife,  
To get assurance of eternal life.

---

John II. 36.

*Jesus Wept.*

**S** Top! O my soul, and here behold and see,  
Thy Saviour sweet in his humanity!  
His passions did prevail, he could not keep  
His eyes of mercy dry, but soare did weep  
For *Lazarus*, and in him for us all  
That wrapt are, and involv'd in sin and thrall.

Oh who can hear this, and yet have the power  
To hold his eyes from streaming out a shower  
Of tears? what frozen heart can choose but melt  
Into a flood of teares, if they e'r felt  
A touch of conscience, for those sins of theirs,  
And yet will not accompany his tears?

Behold we see the marble hearted *Jew*,  
Censuring his grief, with malice to pursue  
Their envious taunts, corruption of their mind,  
And jeering said, can't he that cur'd the blind  
Keep *Lazarus* alive, do not deride,  
It was that God and Christ be glorified,  
And clearly did determine that vain strife,  
I am the Resurrection and the life.

No wonder if they did refuse to be  
Mourners, which acted such a villany,  
And had such small compassion on his grief,  
That were become his Murderers in chief,

And op'd that fountain stream of his dear blood,  
Which gushed out like water from a flood ;  
Which still lies op'd, where we may have access  
To him by faith, and truth and holiness.

And yet how many are there, that do bear  
Thy title, and boldly pretend to wear  
The livery of thy name, but do refuse  
The characters of thy Cross, and still are *Jews*.  
How coldly sure are they, stand thus affected  
That are not touched with grief, nor yet dejected  
For his harsh sufferings, at his latest breath,  
Which seems to be forgetful of his death.

How richly are good *Mary's* tears required,  
Which wash'd her Saviours feet, which she delighted ;  
Her eyes were moving bathes, still running over  
To see his brim full drops, that did discover  
His love divine, which nothing could remove  
To shew his power, his mercy, and his love.  
Whom *Martha* did dissuade for want of faith ;  
*Lazarus* come forth, our blessed Saviour faith,  
Had *Lazarus* but known ; what a rich prize  
He was esteem'd in the Almighty's Eyes,  
He would have dy'd and not repented  
To be thus buried, and so much lamented.  
Have such a mourner wait upon his pall  
Which is the Almighty Saviour, of us all.  
Divinest Saviour, thou didst weep for those  
That could not weep, nor yet fully disclose  
Their vile affections, it was sin that kept  
Them prisoners to their lusts, their senses slept.

Thou pourest out thy tears, thy life and blood,  
And shall we not pour ours even in a flood,

That

That fully should speak out, unfained sorrow  
For sin, and not defer it till the morrow,  
But we're so plung'd in sin, and many feares,  
That we cannot accompany thy tears;  
It is to sad a walk for flesh and blood,  
Unless thy spirit lead us to what is good.  
Shew us thy purer ways, least we intrude,  
And give us hearts of pious gratitude,  
That we may glorifie thy name with praise,  
For our redemption, and that all our days  
May be a thanks giving, not to say we slept,  
Remembring always, that our Jesus wept.

---

Matth. 6. 33.

*But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his Right-  
consness, and all these things shall be added  
unto you, &c.*

**O**ur blest Redeemer doth continue here  
His precepts, -teaching Gospel course to steere,  
Contained in his Sermon on the Mount,  
A heavenly subject worthy our account.  
But we poor weaklings, ah how frail are we,  
That's last in thought, which ought the first to be.  
Our duller parts are now so dead, and numb,  
All clog'd with earthly cares, our tongues are dumb  
To make enquiry after thy purer ways,  
Which should express our duty and thy praise.

Such loyterers are we Heav'n ward, that we make  
Small speed, and have more mind, and care to take  
Our carnal considerations with us so,  
That we cannot effectually let go

Our

Our thoughts from sins but cause our Maker stay  
 Our leisure, oh the wretched sad delay  
 Of sinful flesh, that studies to provide  
 Superfluous things for to abett our pride !  
 Mean while our better parts lie to th' view  
 Of Heavens great Eye, with whom we have to do.  
 Such strangers are we to our souls concern,  
 That wee indeed don't in the least discern  
 Thy love and favor to us, whence we miss  
 These joyes above, ev'n Heavens eternall blifs.

We gaze no higher, than the Lower sphear,  
 Rowling in meer morality, whilst there,  
 As though we had nothing beyond our breath  
 To look for, when wee'r snatcht away by death.  
 What thoughts, ambitious do we ever carry  
 For terrene Joyes? how little for Gods glory?  
 Vain Jollities, and worldly pleasures swallow  
 The thoughts of Heaven, not suffering us to follow  
 Gods heavenly Precepts, we do sadly lie  
 Dead in our thoughts of immortality.  
 Vain man, what is't that thou dost sacrifice  
 Thy idle thoughts unto, or wherein lies  
 Thy chief felicity? The pagans can  
 Fancy a blifs amongst the shades, vain Man,  
 And place their trophies in their amorous walks,  
 Where there ghosts revels, and their fancie talks  
 Of pleasures, but can we, O Lord, forget  
 Thy Kingdom, and not once look after it !  
 He that prophanely wanders, is a stranger  
 To heavenly Joyes, and sure is still in danger  
 To loose that would enrich him beyond measure,  
 With splendid glories, and with heavenly treasure.

How wretched then, are they that so mistake,  
 And for themselves no allegation make,

But



But thrive in sin, and still the world do court,  
 And with its fading glories make a sport,  
 Exchanging a rich diadem of bliss  
 For feigned pleasures that are sure amiss!  
 Were the whole world a scene of choicest pleasures,  
 Zeraglio of delights, were all the treasures  
 Of the *Arabian* region made a field  
 For man to revel in; these joyes would yield  
 But low fruitions, truly without thee  
 Our God, which only makes frail Man to see,  
 How he is kept in pleasures temporary,  
 From an eternal weight of heavenly glory.

And yet how many are there which would pawn,  
 Their consciences, and eagerly do fawn  
 Upon these vain allurements here below,  
 Slighting heavens mercies, whilst they do bestow  
 Their time, in some vain study to invent,  
 New modes of wickedness, and with intent  
 T'increase their credit in the world's account,  
 And do not care how far they swell and mount  
 Their store in sin, for their content to bee  
 Laborious in a sweet impiety.

Are there no nobler ways to eternize  
 Our memories, than thus to loose the prize,  
 I mean of souls? it's savage cruelty  
 Them to destroy to all eternity,  
 For to espouse our names to sowlst shame,  
 And ever vainly glory in the same,  
 Making a mock of sin, and loose all sence  
 Of loosing our religions reverence  
 Unto our Maker, which makes no Man worse  
 By serving him aright, with true remorse;  
 But makes Men sweeter in a heavenly frame  
 Of rich contentment, and doth breed no shame;

But

But gain. enlargement of his bounteous love;  
 For which we owe our praise to God above,  
 That is the only giver of our bliss,  
 And ought to have our humblest thankfulness.

Lord, raise in us those aims that truly tend  
 To heavenly joyes, and let our cares most bend,  
 Our thoughts that way, then we need not to fear  
 Misfortunes cross, nor harms ev'n when they'r near.  
 This is a policy that will non plus  
 The poring worldling, he'd be baffled thus,  
 And after generations they must yield,  
 That pious policy shall win the field.  
 How senceless of our chiefest good are we,  
 That doe prefer the world's felicity  
 Before thy glory, and can spend in sin  
 Our precious hours, which should indeed have bin  
 Devoted, in sincere returns to thee.  
 Behold, in mercy Lord, how frail we be,  
 That we account a little moment spent  
 In serving thee, a tiresome punishment.  
 So sottish are we in the ways of pleasure,  
 That for to do thy will, we find no leisure.  
 We mortgage our dear souls for vainest toys,  
 And fondly undervalue richest joys;  
 Fading contentments, which we fancy here,  
 We purchase at a rate extreemly dear.

Lord, raise our Heaven born souls that we may see  
 Our vain delights in sin, and turn to thee  
 By true repentance; give us grace to leave  
 These low enjoyments, that in truth bereave  
 Us of our purer Joyes, O give content  
 In stooping to thy holy regiment.  
 Let our dear souls for ever more despise,  
 The flatteries of the world with its disguise,

And

And as our souls are made by, and for thee;  
 So keep them Lord, to all eternity.  
 Enable us to breath forth thy high praise,  
 And give us of thy blessing all our days  
 What ever we do receive, it is from thee;  
 The fountain of all true felicity;  
 Who only canst our pretious souls advance  
 To heavenly dwellings, Saints inheritance;  
 To which we seek a promised access,  
 Lord, grant thy Kingdom and thy righteousness!

---

John 13. 23.

*And there was Leaning on Jesus bosom one of his  
 Disciples whom he loved. &c.*

**H**ere Christs transcendent love to *John* is seen;  
 Being admitted on his breast to lean;  
 And as a bosome friend, whom Jesus lov'd,  
 He took the boldness and was not reprov'd.  
 How freely did he make his Saviours breast  
 His pillow, and the place of sweetest rest.

Oh blessed Kindness! would not Monarchs great  
 Ambitious be of this, and leave their seat,  
 And royal Canopies for to repose  
 In such a bosom? as all wisdom knows  
 The most ambitious souls can climb no higher;  
 To better rest poor mortals can't aspire  
 Then in that bosom, Saints Securest Rest,  
 Which is the eternal mansions of the blest.

What

What carping worldling can find out a treasure;  
 To satiate himself with fuller pleasure?  
 The amorous wanton would with speed forsake  
 Admired beauty, if he might partake  
 Of such a bed of spices, heed insist  
 On Courtship to so fair an Amorist.

Was not this happiness above the rest  
 To have procedency in Jesus breast?  
 A dignity might give him much delight  
 To be accounted the chief favorit.  
 How pleasingly doth *John* here lay his ear  
 So close Christ heart, it did him greatly chear;  
 And raise such raptures in his longing breast,  
 As well might rock him into sweetest rest;  
 And make his dreams occasions for to raise  
 His heart to joy and gladness, thanks and praise.

Stop here my soul, behold, admire, and see  
 The emblem of most true felicity,  
 A perfect shew of meekness, and of love,  
 Mercies great tipe descending from above!  
 See Christ upon his Cross, his armes extended,  
 T' imbrace lost Man, was his heart blood expended,  
 To wash us from Our guilt of sin, and shame;  
 Lord let me ever glorifie his name,  
 Repose my self on's breast the seat of love,  
 And thereby have true comforts from above.

Did *Mary* whose compassions quickly turn'd  
 Into a flood of teares? Her grief so mourn'd.  
 Had shee bin graced with so great a favor,  
 As to lean on the bosom of our Saviour?  
 Her eyes as living springs that sweetly meet,  
 Her haire to wipe her blessed Saviour's feet,

Such grace, and priviledge would ev'n let out  
Her noblest blood, in passion it would spout  
Out into grateful streams; for such a price  
And blest acquaintance, 'twould requite her eyes  
That sent forth streames, yet it would make clean  
Her putrid soul, had she but leave to Lean;  
'Twould transport her in raptures of true mirth,  
For such a blessing to enjoy on earth.

Which *John* enjoyed as a favor to him given,  
A blessed Emblem of the joyes of Heaven.  
Did *Peter* give a beck, and did *John* ask?  
Who should commit that bold and bloody task?  
Did Christ make answer? did his God reply?  
O blessed condescension! that the high  
And the Almighty King should so submit  
To mortals, as to daign with him to sit  
And commune with them, o let mankind learn  
All humble meekness! and in truth discern  
This holy love of Christ to man on earth,  
And see how lovingly he invites new birth,  
To be born a new by faith and repentance;  
Such holy practice will his soul advance  
Into the bosom of God, do not delay  
Thy turning from the vain, and idle way  
Of sin, which causeth endless shame and death.  
Consider it ye mortals of the Earth,  
Who now carouse in sin and sport away,  
Thy blessed time of love by your delay.  
Be not bewicht with sin, return and blest,  
Behold our Christ admits you to his feast.  
Oh let the endearments of a comon sence,  
Of love and lively faith arise from thence;  
And let sweet raptures of a holy zeal  
Raise in my soul, such joyes as may reveal  
My constant faith, and love to him alone,  
That is for ever seated in the Throne

Of heavenly glory, Lord, do thou permit  
 Me in his arms of love, and cause me sit  
 Amongst the Saints above, which take delight  
 To sing sweet *Hallelujahs* day and night,  
 To that blest quire good Lord in time unite me,  
 And let thy praises ever more delight me.  
 Then shall my longing soul have quiet rest  
 In the bosom of that glory ever blest.

---

Luke 19. 9.

*This day is Salvation come to thy house.*

**B**Ehold, our Jesus trav'ling for to gain  
 Lost Man, and see with what a loving pain  
 He passeth *Jericho*, after he'd wrought  
 Such mighty works, and cur'd them all that sought  
 To him in faith, of which *Zachew* hearing,  
 Hastning he climbs to see his Christ, not fearing,  
 The publicans cou'd hinder his good nature,  
 His zeal being warm although but low in stature.  
 He takes the *Sicamore*, as here we find,  
 To raise his body equal with his mind.  
 VVell warm'd with faith, and a desire to see  
 His Lord and Christ, from branches of a Tree:  
 VVhere being seen, and call'd, he made no stay,  
 But with all Joy of heart, he did obey.  
 His infant faith did soon break forth in action,  
 And chearfully he vowed satisfaction,  
 And restitution; no Man did ever more  
 Largely express his Love unto the poor,  
 By all he did it truly demonstrate,  
 That Christ assur'd to be with in his gate.

T'was time for him to haue, and not desist  
To entertain so mercifull a guest,  
That did so passionately express his love,  
Calling *Zacharias* from the Tree above,  
He leaves the branches, that did him aduance,  
Prostrates himself with humble reverence;  
Had his low limbs been of a higher extent,  
He might haue wanted that true zeal he meant,  
But being low in stature, high in grace,  
Hee's call'd to see his Christ, ev'n face to face.

Oh humble kindness of the King of glory!  
As its recorded in the sacred story,  
See how coldly th' world doth entertain  
The Lord of life, which finds too much disdain,  
'Tis he invites who well could pay the cost,  
That came to seek, and save such as were lost.  
The few doth vainly look for his Redeemer  
To come in pomp, which shews he's an esteemer  
Of worldly majesty, but hee's become  
A wandring vagrant till the day of doom.

Stop, stop, ye glorious mortals, which do ride  
In golden Chariots, stuf't with carnal pride.  
See your Redeemer, a blest president  
To true humility, with care repent;  
Place not felicity on Thrones of Gold,  
But on the Scepter of Gods word take hold;  
And if you'l climb, climb like *Zacharias* here,  
Not after pomp, but with an awful fear  
Cast down your selves, even from the lofty Tree  
Of carnal Lusts; Hear Christ saith, come to me  
All that decline a carnal conversation,  
To them he offers life, joy and salvation:

Who would not welcome such a noble guest,  
 And treat his Saviour as a Bounteous feast?  
 And sacrifice even all with joy, and love;  
 Sith every perfect gift is from above,  
 And giv'n by him, that can repay us double;  
 Conferring perfect happiness for trouble.

But there are some that think it too much charge,  
 If vestry ornaments be something large,  
 To express th' honor, dignity, and worth  
 Of sacred things, and decently set forth,  
 As late religious arts perform'd in order;  
 They say that on Romes Church we neerly boarder;  
 If they see Cap, or Surplice, Hood, or Scarfe,  
 Like silly momes, they flout, and jeer and laugh;  
 But such must know, unless they will be fools,  
 These are distinctions in the learned Schools.

How happy was Zachen with the favor  
 Of Christ his presence, whose perfumes did savor  
 Of humility, in that he'ed condescend,  
 To come to sinners, as unto a friend,  
 And be a guest unto such a kind of Man,  
 As was a meer profess'd publican:  
 Nor is his mercy shut up here alone,  
 But it extends to all that sigh, and groan;  
 Yea every household, that indeed doth chime  
 And mounts by virtue surely shall see him:

Hark, you that sacrifice your lives and blood,  
 And with a heartful zeal, do fly from good,  
 That foot the musick of a vainer life,  
 And with true virtues, ever are at strife,  
 Strangers to God, his holy ordinance  
 The precious sacraments, that sure advance



Thy flight toward Heaven, and make thee see,  
 Like good *Zachem* here as from a Tree  
 Of grace, if this be planted in thy heart,  
 Then Christ will be thy guest, and nere depart :  
 If this be water'd with repenting tears,  
 Then it will bring forth fruit, in which appears  
 A holy life, which will the comfort give,  
 And in true Joyes thou shalt for ever live,  
 After thy body is by death mowed down,  
 Thy soul shall have a pretious heav'nly crown.

Oh Lord, we are as nothing in thy sight,  
 'Tis thou hast rais'd us by thy power and might ;  
 And when the least desire we feel, or find  
 To come to thee, 'tis thou that stirs the mind,  
 And makes us climb, for we are low of stature,  
 Lame, and decrepit, poor, weak things by nature,  
 Unless we take advantage by the Tree  
 Of faith, and holy life, wee see not thee ;  
 And climb O Lord, wee can't without thy grace  
 Raise us O Lord, by it to see thy face :  
 Infuse in us each holy good desire,  
 Blow up in us a zeal as hot as fire.  
 A zeal that may a doubtless warmth sure bring,  
 Then shall we praise thee, and for ever sing  
 Loud *Hallelujahs* to thy blessed name,  
 That art th' Almighty God, ever the same,  
 Whose mercies condescend to every one,  
 And gives assurance of salvation.

## Luke 9. 57.

*Lord, I will follow thee wheresoever thou goest.*

**B**Ehold, our Saviour here who doth reprove  
 Revenging rashness, prompting peace and love,  
 When his Apôtles fill'd with desire  
 To be reveng'd would set a Town on fire,  
 And in that passion were so fully bent,  
 They urged to Christ a former president:  
 Saying, did not *Elias* do such things,  
 As 'tis recorded in the book of Kings;  
 But Christ reprov'd them, with a serious frown,  
 And pull'd their high avenging spirits down,  
 I came not to destroy mens lives, but save  
 All such as in humility do crave:  
 This heard, the scribe professeth without boast,  
 Lord, I will follow thee where e're thou goest,

Oh blessed boldness in that resolution,  
 A happy confidence to make intrusion  
 Into such company, there's none can blame  
 His passionate affection, it became  
 Holy desires, which did indeed express,  
 His fervent zeal to God, and holiness.

The wondrous miracles which thus were wrought,  
 Brought him to Christ, whom he with fervor sought  
 That divine light, whose powerful influence  
 Attracts all Eyes with holy reverence,  
 And all in raptures, proud of company,  
 That led him Heaven-ward in such Majesty.

Thus

Thus came the scribe attendant for to be,  
 Saying aloud, Lord, I will follow thee:  
 Nor could his poverty stop his intention  
 Of following Christ, he could have no prevention  
 But suffer all the miseries, can attend  
 So good a Master, that can him defend:  
 In whose deep wants there is more fulness hid,  
 Than Earth amounts unto, if valued.

This scribe's a Coppy, ought we not to write  
 After this few, and yet how blind's our sight,  
 We cannot see, our senses are bereav'd  
 Of the true light, our souls they are deceiv'd,  
 Else would we not suffer this publican  
 Out strip us in our duty, ah vain Man!  
 Where are thy thoughts, that thou dost thus despise  
 That guide that leads to that blest place; where lies  
 All the hid treasures, which can be express'd  
 Of Saints, and Angels in the heavenly rest.

Were we to follow through a bed of flowers,  
 Who would not run, who now his visage lowers,  
 The sensualist would walk, but that he scorns  
 To prick his tender feet, amongst such Thorns,  
 With prickles sharp, this rose is all surrounded,  
 He cannot follow, that's with care confounded.  
 Cares of this world, nor can the Epicure  
 Follow, cause abstinence he cannot endure,  
 He cannot fast, this, this will spoil his mirth,  
 And hinder his enjoyment on this Earth,  
 Which prizeth pleasures, and at greatest cost  
 Them to indulge, although at last he's toss'd  
 Into the Dungeon, 'mongst eternal pains,  
 The just reward of his licentious strains.  
 So hard it is for to correct our blood  
 To leave the world, and follow that is good,

The blandishments of sence invalids bliss,  
 And robs us of the fruits of happiness.  
 Fruits that attends endeavors, if we took  
 A Serious prospect, and with care would look  
 Into the ways of virtue, we might spie  
 The sad effects of vain morality,  
 Which are but tinkling Simbals to our ears,  
 Though fill'd with musick, it may end in tears.

And yet how many are there that pretend  
 To follow Christ, and will their ways amend;  
 Yet still are strangers to his footsteps pure,  
 Treading their own tracks, and can not endure  
 Sound counsel, but do beat these pathes anew  
 Scarce ever trod, but lately with a crew  
 Of confident assertors, that can find  
 A nearer path, which more disturbs the mind  
 In their blind zeals they do too boldly say,  
 That th'holy Martyr'd fathers mist the way.  
 They think they have a neerer cut to Heaven,  
 And that a better guide to them is given,  
 Then Christ and his disciples, their new light,  
 Indeed will lead them to eternal night,

So various is their zeal, and given to change,  
 Which make them wander, and most fondly range  
 To find fresh oyl, for to enlaine new light,  
 Though meer Impostures, yet they think them right;  
 Scorn ancient foot-steps, and approved form  
 Of holy Church, which doth so much adorn  
 The grandure of true worship, but they'l find  
 Meanders, and Eubusasts still are blind,  
 For in the darkness they do sadly grope,  
 And for to find the door, they'r sans all hope:  
 Wanting good government to keep them in,  
 From their blind zeal, the occasion of their sin.

But hear the poor Man doth not make delay  
To come to Christ, who is the perfect way;  
His humble resolutions, he did press  
In begging confidence, he made address  
How vile am I, O Lord, thou only know'st.  
Oh! I will follow thee where e'er thou go'st.

So raise our souls from off the world, O Lord.  
In seeking thee, we friendly may accord.  
Thou art ascended to thy heavenly Throne,  
Where all true joys are lodg'd in thee alone.  
O draw our souls in raptures of thy love,  
And spiritual exaltations from above:  
That may enrich our souls, and make us be  
True converts shunning sin, and following thee,  
Which art the only fountain from whence springs  
All streams of mercy, thou art King of Kings.  
Grant us admittance, for so wait on thee,  
Then shall our souls enjoy eternity.

Cast then your tears, and forget thus to grieve

~~The good before, whoe'er shall him receive~~

For all must follow her, no wit can move

Our day of hearing's short, in heaven above

Where Angels can chant forth praises, and all sing

Mild divine answers to our God and King

Which the best part (O Lord) is high

Where Saints are crown'd with bliss eternally



Sir Anthony Bateman being a Prisoner in the House,  
 lay the next day in the Chamber, he being received  
 the sad, and pained news of the death of his beloved  
 Daughter, which died the Tenth day of December last.  
 It being the very day I wrote the letter, that her mother  
 the Lady Bateman died, and her death the same hour  
 the day before. The deceased was much distressed about  
 thoughts of death, and was in the last moments of her life  
 ordering her funeral, yet was in the last moments of her life  
 grieved, and very sorrowful. The Author to comfort her  
 writ as follows.

**S**IR, Death hath surprised your Daughter, so that she  
 Thereby's translated to eternity.  
 Her virtues follow her, that golden Chain  
 Whole links are purest gold, doth still remain  
 Unblemish, her pure soul, with joy to find  
 A heavenly rest, her charitable mind  
 Richly rewarded is with heavenly treasure,  
 Her sorrows turn'd to joyes, beyond all measure.  
 Her mirth is endless, and she doth aspire,  
 To sing sweet Anthems in the heavenly quire.

Cease then your tears, and forbear thus to grieve,  
 She's gone before, where death hath no reprieve.  
 We all must follow her, no writ can move,  
 Our day of hearing's fixt in heaven above;  
 Where Angels can chant forth praises, and still sing  
 Most divine Anthems to our God and King.  
 In which she bears apart (I hope) on high,  
 Where Saints are crown'd with bliss eternally.

*An Elogy on the name and death of the virtuous  
Lady Martha Bateman, who departed this  
life the Tenth of Decemb. 1674.*

M ost happy Saint, by the eternals will  
A mongst the Gods, where thou art ever still  
R ankt with the heavenly sitters, most sublime,  
T o teach us mortals, that abuse our time  
H ere in this yail of Earth, where we may see,  
A s in thy mirror, how weak, and frail we be.

B ut now a flower of a sweet fragrant smell  
A mongst the roses, anon the passing bell,  
T olls the sad ditty of her last farewell,  
E ven under the sore pangs of mortal death,  
M ost willingly surrenders up her breath;  
A ltering her earthly shape, she did lie down,  
N atures frail case for a celestial Crown.

*Nature expostulating with death.*

Grim death! why dost thou aim thy fiery dart,  
In so direct a posture at my heart?  
Be not mistaken, My flesh is tender,  
And will not yet admit of a surrender  
Of my pure vitals, why so cruel bent,  
'gainst this afflicted family for thy rent?  
For to exact it the same day, & why so cruel?  
Might not my dearest Mothers precious Jewel  
Be price enough, to stay thy angry fate  
But must pursue her issue with thy hate?  
And that same very Tenth day of December,  
Must our sad family with sobbs remember.

Ah is it so, be not in haste to kill  
 My panting heart, O let me write my Will,  
 Let me have nought to do but sigh, and die  
 Then farewell mortal, come immortality.

Into which joyes no prying eye can peep;  
 It is beyond our knowledge, and too deep  
 To search into, & lets a while admire  
 Her great perfections, that did thus inspire  
 Her more diviner soul, that did prepare  
 Her funeral, and friends with love, and care,  
 Her earthly part she did, as sleep lay down,  
 Her temporal for a Celestial Crown;  
 So that henceforth it truly may be said,  
 She is transplanted, rather than decayed;

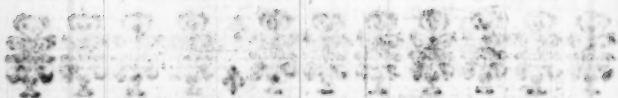




Meditations, written by *william williams* Gentleman, Prisoner in the Kings Bench, *Anno 1676.*

And in the sixty third year of his age.





Mediations written by William Wells  
and Counsellor, Doctor in the Kings  
Bench, Anno 1616.

And in the fifty third year of his age.





Numbers 27. 16, 17.

*Let the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh, set a Man over the congregation. Which may go out before them, and which may go in before them, and which may lead them out, and which may bring them in; that the congregation of the Lord be not as sheep which have no shepherd.*

**D**Id God command good *Moses* to ascend  
The *Abarim* mount, unto that very end  
To see the promised Land? did he not express,  
How that he sinned in the wilderness,  
At *Meribah*? was he denied possession  
Of *Canaan's* land, for this his foul transgression?  
The which he shall no sooner see, but die,  
Yet ceas'd he not unto the Lord to cry.  
Let God, the Lord of spirits continue on,  
A shepherd to the congregation.  
Did not the Lord soon grant to his request  
Behold, take *Joshua* my spirit's in his breast,  
But lay thine hands upon him, give him charge  
In presence of the people (not at large.)  
Set him before *Eleazar* the chief priest,  
He hath the *Urim* and *Thumim* thou seest:

Let

Let all go in, and out at his sole word,  
 Yea all the congregation of the Lord.  
*Moses* obeys, sets *Joshua* in their fight,  
 Lays on his hands with reverence and might.

Behold, this mission did the Lord want power  
 To send out *Joshua*, at that very hour.  
 Needed he the help of *Moses* to compleat,  
 A holy priesthood to succeed his seat?  
 Needed he the hands of *Moses* to confirm  
 The blessed orders and decrees of Heaven?  
 No, 'twas his wisdom to make all to know;  
 That God's the God of order, to which we owe  
 All possible obedience, with submission,  
 To his blest precepts, taking a commission,  
 And run not on, in a furious presumption,  
 Scorning all order and the holy unction.

Did not this tipe in *Moses* represent  
 Christ's mission to his holy Government  
 Of his succeeding Church, To adorn the Station;  
 VWhen Christ bids go, and preach to every Nation;  
 His Apostles boldly went, and not till then,  
 They were not made the blest fishers of Men.

Then stop, thou bold Intruder, Learn and heark,  
 VWas not *Herab* struck for touching the Ark  
 VWithout a Call, Let his Example learn  
 The meekness, that thou may'st truly discern  
 The way of order, continued in all ages,  
 And is from thence descended to the sages,  
 And Governors of the Church; it doth preserve  
 A holy Ministry, faithfully to serve  
 As Ministering spirits, truly to represent  
 Our daily wants, and help us to repent

## *Meditation.*

3

And bewail the times, never be at rest  
Still praying to send laborers in the harvest.

No prayers so needful in this presumptuous age,  
When persons run like players on a stage ;  
Venting their fancies, their vain shapes and guise,  
Their fond delusions, which amuse the wise ;  
Who would not labor, and devoutly pray  
To be freed from these blind leaders astray,  
Which proudly prattle of their gifts and vaunt  
Their inward calls, I compassionate their want  
Of sober meekness by which they may be,  
Instructed in the rules of Modesty.

Who can behold this Garden become a field  
For beasts to revel in, and their hearts not yield  
Compassionate tears, to see foxes pray  
On silly lambs, and bear their souls away  
To wild, and strange delusions by their prate,  
And bold assertions do insinuate.

How vainly do they thus pretend new light,  
When they do strip their mother of her right,  
And cry up the rash fancies of their brain, .  
Beyond the decent holy gospel strain.  
Can there be want of Laborers in this rout ?  
No, no, there are too many go about,  
To lead away souls by their vain delusion,  
Thinking it zeal to bring in such confusion ;  
Where sheep become shepherds, their brains are fickle,  
Presumptuously handling the Gospels fickle,  
Yea, he that can but talk in a Gospel phrase,  
Doth think himself inspir'd, but doth not pause  
On the hid mysteries contain'd therein,  
But vomits forth his ignorance and sin,

And

And climbs a pulpit in some publick heard  
And there to vent his folly is not fear'd.

He that doth love his Saviour will delight  
To honor his spouse, the Church, and in her right  
Lay out his interest, firmly to maintain  
Her reverence, and esteem, is all his aim,  
And triumph in the felicity of her health,  
And beg the perpetuity of her wealth;  
In whole arms alone he can be mounted high,  
Into the Throne of blest eternity.  
He deserveth not to be sharer in bliss,  
That eternal harvest of true happiness,  
That will not labor and devoutly pray  
To send forth Laborers in that needful day,  
And shepherds, that most faithfully will feed  
Their flocks, and keep them in the time of need,  
And save them from those wolves that would devour  
Their harmless lambs, if gotten in their power.

Oh Lord, who can behold this bleeding spouse,  
And not shed tears, and ev'n with fervor rouse  
His very soul, in contemplation  
Of this afflicted Church and Nation.  
Shee that not long since, was but little less,  
Than a Princess amongst the provinces  
Is become a widow, weeps sore all night,  
And is bereav'd of comfort, and her right.  
Her lovers have forsaken her in such sort,  
That many flout, few yield her true comfort;  
She once, was worthy the kisses of his love,  
That priz'd her highly as a Queen above.  
And at her glory did no whit repine,  
But magnified her love better than wine,  
But now she's black, but comely to the view  
Of Heaven, though her locks are wexted with the dews,

Yet

*Meditation.*

5

Yet is continued that sweeter breath ;  
Tell me O thou, who my soul so loveth;  
Where thou feedest, and sets thy flocks to rest,  
Besides the shepherds Tents, they are safe and blest.

Such a sweet dialogue the Church once had,  
Though now grown pale with grief, heavy and sad ;  
Yet is she still belov'd, though in mourning dress,  
The time will come to cast of heavyness.  
Oh ! let the accustomed mercies of thy love,  
Protect thy Church from rapine, and remove  
Those Boars, and Foxes, that strive to devour  
Thy vine, Oh keep it by thy Almighty power  
From envious storms, for thou hast plac'd it high,  
Where all may see it, and with hearts apply.  
Oh ! lets approach to it, nor turn'd away  
By such blind guides, that vainly go astray.  
Let ne're thy sacred Oracles want power,  
Nor priest to lead us, in our latest hour.  
Nor let the gladsome tidings of our peace  
Be turn'd to silence, Oh ! let it never cease  
Thy holy Ministry, but, O Lord, supply  
Their defects, pardon the wild vanity,  
And ignorant phantastick zeal of those ;  
That thus abuse thy Church and are thy foes.  
Give them true light, thy mercies quite dispel,  
That darkness which will lead them down to Hell.  
Let us rejoyce in the Mercies of his love,  
In sending us his Son, which from above  
Hast left a holy Ministry to be our guide.  
Oh keep us safe that we may never slide  
Into such pathes, that may lead us astray,  
But follow our shepherds in a holy way ;  
And from a peevish zeal, good Lord, restore us,  
And grant us shepherds, that may go before us.

E

Mag

Matthew 5. 8.

*Blessed are the pure in heart for, they shall see  
God &c.*

**G**Od of his abundant love, did send his Son  
Into the world, to preach salvation  
Upon the mount, whereon he freely taught  
His blessed precepts, unto all that sought  
To him in faith, and obedience to his will,  
Minding his holy precepts to fulfil.  
He pronounced nine blessings with their recompence,  
If we observe them with true reverence,  
And keep his holy Lawes, not from it start,  
Surely blessed are they, are pure in heart.

Who would not then strive earnest to be pure,  
See David's fervent zeal for to assure  
His panting soul, which long'd full sore to find,  
A place of rest for his so grieved mind.  
To attain the which, he passionately cri'd,  
Lord, from thy precepts let me never slide.  
That he would cleanse his heart, he might inherit  
The gifts, and graces of his holy spirit.

Hath piety such a reward, no disgrace?  
Shall the pure in heart behold him face to face?  
And with blest spirits ever happy reign  
In endless glory, and true peace obtain.  
Who will not labor to imitate the just,  
Who have such heavenly visions in their dust.

Shall



Shall the treacherous vanities we enjoy  
Steal off our hearts, and rob us of true joy,  
And bereave us of the glory of that light,  
VVhich is of endless splendor, power, and might;  
So strengthen me, That I may rather choose  
The divine light, and all false lights refuse.

A sight the which in glory doth surpass,  
All triumphs in the world that ever was,  
VVhat splendors are there, compared to this,  
It is an empty air, Nothing less;  
A sight which no eye ever saw, but may  
If the worlds objects lead them not astray,  
After the harmony of deluding Charms,  
VVhich lulls frail flesh a sleep in natures arms.

The *Idea* of this sight cannot be drawn  
In lively colors, least we do prophane;  
The speculations of the brain can never  
Portraict him truly, that doth live for ever.  
Then cease thy fancies, and forbear thy art,  
His liveless Character is in thy heart.

The divine Traveller, though but newly there,  
Could give no full description of that spear.  
Scripture Characters doth but even allude,  
And set it forth but in similitude.  
And shew, how infinitely transcendent  
Is that glory, which is omnipotent.

VVere diamonds all join'd, to make one splendor,  
They were but Atoms to the Sun, not render  
The smallest glimpse, to that luminary  
Of life and heat, the which by motions vary,  
And feed a throng of sparkling stars, that are  
Inlivened with his light, which from a far

VVe do behold, each one in's proper place;  
How dim's it to the glory of thy face.

VWho then would thus so vainly sacrifices  
Himself to sin; and so bewreave his eyes  
Of that blest vision, and the chiefeft good,  
To gratifie his wild extravagant blood,  
And revel in delights of sin and shame,  
And stifle his nobler passions, and that flame  
Of holy zeal, that should chiefly delight us:  
To the triumphs of thy bliss, Good Lord unite us.

He that would dwell amongst those sacred fires,  
And holy spirits, by whose true light inspires  
The mind with holy motions, he must turn  
His heart unto an altar, and their burn  
The holy sacrifice of penitence,  
And lively faith, with all due reverence,  
And humbleness of heart, which will do well,  
For the graces of Gods spirit there do dwell.  
The heart that mourns within us, there must be  
The only seat of life, and love to thee.  
The graces of the spirit there must rest,  
And be so firmly fixed in the brest.  
Naturalists, do well observe, that to the heart  
Is first giv'n life, then death it doth them part.

Oh Lord, our hearts are frail, there cannot be  
Strength to support, unless it come from thee:  
Give thy supporting graces, we are weak;  
Touch thou our hearts and tongues, that we may speak  
To the glory of thy name, and so dispise  
The vanities of the world, with its disguise.  
O raise our contemplations to thy glory,  
Cast down our vain affections transitory;

That

That proudly do oppose it self in error,  
Correct our thoughts, oh let it be a terror  
Unto our hearts, and make us plainly see  
The horror of our crimes, Lord against thee.  
Sanctifie to thy self our whole devotion,  
That we live holy lives in godly motion.  
Oh let our chiefeft contemplations raise,  
A holy zeal in us to give thee praise,  
Let it be our delight to do thy will,  
And all thy holy precepts to fulfill  
That when we shall lay down our lives in dust,  
VVe may be glorified with the Just.  
And sweetly seated in that blessed place.  
VWhere we may all behold thee face to face.

---

Daniel 12. 3.

*And they that be wise shall shine as the  
Brightnes of the firmament and they that turn  
many to Righteousness as the Stars for ever and  
ever.*

**D**Id Michael th'archangel not stir thence,  
But stood most valiant, like a mighty prince,  
To assist Gods people in their times of trouble,  
And said their sufferings would be required double.  
If that their hearts would be to wisdom bent,  
Should shine for ever in the firmament,  
And such as by their pious pains do turn  
Others from sin, so that they sigh, and mourn  
Shall shine as starrs, and be for ever blest.  
VWith glory, in everlasting rest.

Who then would not be studious for to gain  
 True knowledge, that he might thereby attain  
 Such promised glory, and become most pure,  
 Holy, Celestial, to be ever sure  
 To shine forth, as the Sun, on blessed sight !  
 In whose most glorious rays is the chief light :  
 Where mans diviner part not only lives,  
 As living splendor, it for ever gives  
 Transcending beams of lustre, which shall shine  
 In the imperial heavens, most divine,  
 And there be ever fixt, and never sever,  
 But shine as stars for ever, and for ever.  
 Look here, ye blind admirers of Earths bubble,  
 A robe of purple, or some glorious trouble,  
 A diadem of honor in this Earth,  
 Which brings forth care, small comfort after death.  
 So vain is Man, that fondly doth desire  
 Such trifling honors, that do loon expire ;  
 Which carrieth not that light will give access,  
 And by its virtue turn to righteousness,  
 Which would make them Stars, but some desire t' enjoy  
 Their fading pleasures, such a splendid toy.

Hear this all ye, that can on shadows dote,  
 And you that can to Transitory pomp devote  
 Your souls, and care not for immortal bliss,  
 And think there is no other Heaven but this.  
 Sublunary pleasures, couldst thou call down  
 A robe of morning Stars to deck thee round.  
 Such Royal luminaries it would be  
 But gloomy splendor, a bright obscurity  
 Compared to that lustre, 'Twill shine but faint,  
 Not like that glory, that enwraps a Saint.  
 That azure spangled Heaven, which we do see,  
 Where the magazin of Stars is fixed be,

Which

## *Meditation.*

II

Which stocks the world with light, its but a vail  
Or curtain drawn, to keep our fences frail,  
From over prying into th'almighties Throne,  
Where only is felicity alone.  
Which no eye ever saw, nor yet shall see,  
The hidden glories of eternity.  
Tombs are but wardrops, or Chambers of death,  
Hung'd with their winding sheets beneath the Earth,  
Where we shall all after this life be laid,  
Till to our fathers we be gathered.

If that same heavenly glimps, which did appear  
Upon the mount, did the disciples chear,  
Which made them wish, that they might there sit raise  
Three Tabernacles to eternal praise,  
And there abide. Oh if that beauty then  
Reveal'd from Heaven unto these blessed Men  
Was so Transcendent, how will th' enjoyment be!  
Oh ravish us with desires, that we may see  
Where Christ is gone before, 'twas the Martyrs Joy  
Amid their tortures, valued as a toy,  
Though their limbs were broken, and mangled,  
Yet they were sure their hairs were numbred.

If Peters shadow had that healing power  
To cure the sick, which applied to him each hour,  
How powerful is that shining glory then,  
Which doth such wonders for the Sons of Men.  
Let no one doubt, nor be at any strife,  
If once his name be in the book of life.  
Though his earthly Tabernacle be laid down,  
Yet he shall have an everlasting Crown  
Of endless glory, beyond expression far,  
And shine in Heaven like a glorious Star.  
Who is it would not slight, and disregard  
The vanities of this life for such reward,

And welcome poverty with all its chains,  
 And triumph in the assurance of such gains,  
 As that nobly divine transcendent love,  
 That is prepared in the Heavens above,  
 Where there's assurance for to live for ever,  
 And sweetly rest in the bosom of the father.

Thou didst create us Lord, for to serve thee;  
 But by our frailties we'r become to be  
 For ever lost. But thou of thy great love,  
 Didst restore us to true joyes above  
 Oh fill us with meditations of thy praise,  
 Which may elevate our spirits all our days;  
 That we may walk in some measure divine,  
 That by a holy practice we may shine,  
 As Stars in the lower orb, and expresse that light,  
 We have by faith received by thy might,  
 And power divine, Oh let our hearts be ever  
 Filled with praises, and be silent never;  
 And still expresse our thanks and not have done,  
 Until we shine in brightness, like the Sun,  
 And from a holy walking never sever  
 But shine as Stars for ever and for ever.

Matthew 2. 10.

*And when they saw the Star they Rejoyced with  
 exceeding great joy.*

I'm still surpriz'd with wonder, at the love  
 Of our offended God, that from above  
 Should shew his Star to wise men of the East,  
 Which welcom'd such an object, did not rest,

But gave it reverence, with an holy fear,  
 They well knowing the motions of the sphear,  
 That blessed object, that unwanted Star,  
 Which they did with much joy behold, from far  
 And there was kindled in them a desire  
 To post unto *Jerusalem*, to enquire,  
 Where's he that is born King, we've seen his Star,  
 To worship him with joy, are come from far?  
*Herod* seem'd troubled at such sudden news,  
 And all the congregation of the *Jews*;  
 On went these Men, the Star being still their guide  
 It rested where the blessed Babe was laid;  
 There they rejoyce, no frights did them annoy,  
 Seeing the Star, they had exceeding joy.

Rouse then my soul, in a holy contemplation  
 Of this bright Star whose radiant beams and motion  
 Did quickly spread it self *Judea* over,  
 Its powerful influence did soon discover  
 Divine effects, that it did fully tend  
 To be a tipe of mercy, to the end  
 To save lost Man, oh beauteous Star of light,  
 The effects whereof will keep us from that night  
 Of utter darkness, in which we all lay hid,  
 And by it's mercy shall be glorifi'd!

Had the ancients known this Star'twould raise their sence  
 And enrich their genius with due reverence.  
 This sparkling splendor did surely outshine  
 The knowledge of that age, it was divine.  
 T'was such a lustre, That it did adorn  
 The orb, beyond the glory of the morn.  
 That powerful luminary that directeth time,  
 That blessed morning Star, shin'd more divine,  
 And prov'd a happy guide, them safe to bring,  
 With holy offerings unto Christ their King.

And

And in a joynt harmony with one voice,  
They having seen the Star did much rejoyce.

See how these pagans footed it, what pain  
They took in travel for that happy gain  
And blest fruition of that glorious sight  
Though poor, is full of Majesty, and might.  
They nimble walk from the remotest parts  
In pure devotion, and with chearful hearts;  
When some that boldly do profess thy name,  
Will scarce come forth their chambers O! the shame  
Of such besotted souls, as will not rise,  
And prostrate themselves, before the eyes  
Of their offended God, though ne're so cheap,  
But snug and snore in sin, and fondly heap  
Crime upon crime, not from their vices part,  
Though th' offering small, an humble penitent heart.  
But these wise Travellers did freely bring,  
Gold, Frankenscence, and Myrrhe, to Christ the King,  
And made an Inn a Temple, there to pay  
Their tribute, O the miserable delay  
Of pure devotion! 'Tis their greater shame,  
That stript him of the glory of his name,  
It should exalt all hearts for to rejoyce  
With adoration, and a thankful voice.

They'd but one single Star to be their guide,  
But we have many, that with active pride  
Do darken religion, and have it in derision.  
Such quaking Comets making an apparition  
And fiery aspect, that will fright away,  
Rather than lead, will cause us go astray  
Into their sottish errors, to prevent  
Lets keep close to the holy government;  
Which Christ, and his Apostles left behind,  
To rectifie the errors of mankind;

Which



Which if we practice, and study aright,  
We need not fear Sathan with all his might.

Pretended illuminations in religion  
Eclipse real light, with foul derision,  
And such a nasty Mist doth often gather,  
That in stead of clearing Eyes do blind them rather,  
'Twas a true light by which the wisemen steer'd,  
Which brought them in such triumph, that it cheer'd  
Their hearts with joy, that they did see the day,  
Which some do study, to forget, and lay  
A load of obliquy on such pretence,  
Not allowing it a day of reverence.  
But let them wallow in their haughty pride,  
It prov'd a blessed day, and happy guide  
To unwearied Travellers, but for such as they  
That sottishly, and wildly run a stray,  
And have no Star to guide them, but let them wander,  
And fall in their own pits, that thus do slander.

Thou that hast stockt the world with so much light,  
And enrich it with so many Stars so bright,  
To serve us Mortals, 'Twas fit thou shouldst take  
One to thy self, thy herald for to make,  
And cause the brightness of that Star surpass,  
All other Stars that now, and ever was.  
To declare thy birth all creatures do obey,  
Save us wild Mortals, that do vainly stray,  
And stop our Eares to the harmony of thy law.  
But these wise Men inspir'd, no sooner saw  
The Star of light, which did foretell thy birth,  
But immediately did run with Joy and Mirth,  
And grew angry with time, least it delay  
To begin their Journey in that happy day;  
Which to direct, a Star became their guide,  
And attracts their Eyes, which in a holy pride,

They

They still lift up with reverence to behold  
 With humble zeal, this Myſtery to unfold.  
 Oh Lord, ſo elevate our eyes to thee,  
 Which art the Star of bleſt eternity,  
 And take us from the vain delights of ſin,  
 And kindle an holy fire of faith within  
 Of love and zeal, oh let his mercy great  
 Ravish our ſouls with Joy, let us repeat  
 Loud *Hallelujahs* to thy name, and ſing  
 Moſt thankful Anthems for our Chriſt and King.  
 As the good wiſe Men with a chearful voice,  
 Having ſeen the Star exceedingly rejoyce.

Eccleſiaſtes 12. 13.

*Fear God and keep his Commandments for this  
 is the whole duty of Man.*

**W**Hat needs the preacher more, is not this verſe  
 It ſelf, a ſermon, why ſhould he rehearſe  
 So many precepts, but he doth eſpie  
 Mans weak eſtate, ſubject to vanity;  
 Therefore he taught the people to take heed  
 And ſhun diſorders, every evil deed,  
 He wiſely ſought out all due means to find  
 Words acceptable, that would pleaſe the mind,  
 That with Compliance with them, he might gain  
 Upon them to believe, all things are vain,  
 Save to fear God, and ſerve him all we can,  
 This is the all that is required of Man.  
 And yet how few are they that will obſerve  
 This precept as a duty, though it ſerve

To their advantage, in that great great day,  
When all Mankind formed of Earth and clay  
Shall cited be before the glorious Throne  
Of Christ the lamb, who then shall Judge alone.  
Oh be advis'd in time to take delight,  
To adore thy maker, study it aright,  
And be in love with wisdom, and her ways,  
Living to God, unto his dayly praise.  
Glorifie him alone, above all things,  
Then shall he shroud thee under his blest wings,  
Thy labor shall be gain, no time mispent,  
Then fear thy God and keep his Commandment.

But ah! how few there be of Davids spirit,  
That prize Gods laws, and would indeed inherit  
Eternal blifs, which he did meditate  
Both day, and night, and often sadly sat  
Wailing his sins, but we delight to break  
His holy law, opening our mouths to speak  
Rudely of God, his worship and his lore,  
Letting our tongues run lavish on that score,  
We pray not him to close our vainer lips,  
But still give way to vent those frothy slips,  
That dayly arise from our Corrupted heart,  
All which exposes us to the biting smart  
Of his severest Justice, thus poor Man  
Ruins himself, not doing what he can.  
Some think it is an honor to fly high  
In vile attempts, and loose debauchery,  
And to be bold in sins affecting oaths,  
Like to vile Atheists, that are virtues foes:  
Which count it valor for to stab religion,  
Having its practice in such vile derision,  
And make a paradox of the preachers wit,  
Ameer Apocrypha, and jeer at it,

And

And Scandalize the law, and them that speak it,  
And think it but a piece of wit to break it.

It is no wonder Atheism doth abound,  
And that religion sadly falls to ground.  
Search all the ancient records page by page,  
Vice ne'r engendred so, in any age.  
The V World ne'r multiply'd so much in sects,  
Because Men don't fully consult this text.  
Prophaneness it descends by propagation,  
In next posterity this vitious Nation  
Is like to be of a heathenish complexion,  
If God prevent not by our due subjection  
To his blest law, Atheism will gather ground,  
And Men grow proud, because the'r Atheists found,  
Bold sons of Belial glory will in it,  
And boast in slighting as a piece of wit.

Doye blind followers of the world intend  
To laugh at Heaven, and therein your time spend,  
And make divinity a cloak to cover  
Your fouler part, that none may them discover  
Your outside piety, and cunning trades,  
Your specious shews, and guilded pious frauds.  
No, no, you cannot thus delude the Eye  
Of the all seeing God, he will espy  
Your want of zeal, though painted fair they be,  
There's nothing hid from him that all things see.

Oh Lord, how sadly do we thus forget  
To do thee homage, and to pay the debt  
VVe owe unto thy love, that didst make  
Thine only Son an offering for our sake.  
But like ungrateful wretches we do still,  
Most rudely scoff at thy revealed will,

And

And cast thy precepts from us, which should be  
Our guide unto the blest eternity.

Good God ! it was thy bounty to bestow  
Gifts of reason on us, for which we owe  
All thanks unto thee, for so great a boon,  
VWhich we do misemploy much much too soon ;  
Turning our reason 'gainst thy Laws most right,  
And act disorderly with all our might.  
Teach us to see our failings, and endeavor  
To hearken to that voice, that lives for ever,  
That the Oratory of thy sacred word,  
May win us to thy Love with one accord,  
Renounce prophaneness, planing in its place  
Desired virtue, and each heavenly grace.  
Let not blind heathens, which do not know thee,  
Out strip us in their moral honesty.  
Then we, which have sure hopes by faith and love,  
To be received into the joyes above ;  
As thou dost by thy holy word reveal  
Thy self in Christ, to whom alone appeal  
Is to be made, make us to understand,  
The advantages we have from thy good hand  
Of mercy, grant our minds be fully bent  
To fear our God, and keep his Commandment,  
VWith all the holy fervency we can ;  
This duty is required from every Man.

Matthew 8. 2.

*And behold! there came a Leaper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.*

**S**In 's an infectious *Leprosie* that is spread  
It self all over from the foot, to head.  
Is this the *Leapers* prayer only, no  
It is all sinners too, that have let go  
The rains of virtue that it should restrain  
All vicious ways unto an holy aim.

He that had seen the *Leapers* body over,  
VVould think his prayer proper to discover  
His loathsome parts, and yet would he but view  
His soul, he'l find it of a blacker hiew.  
A sadder object to affright his sence  
VVith horror, if he strickly look from whence  
It did proceed, O the mileries of his blood,  
VWhich lost its verdor, and became a flood  
Of putrid nutriment, yet it mov'd guilt,  
To cry with faith, Oh Lord, if that thou wilt!

And he whose never failing goodness lacks  
To shew compassion, and it never slacks  
His power and mercy, where it is concern'd  
To cure those limbs, that were fully discern'd  
To be already so, o'rewhelm'd with grief,  
That was new bath'd by it, receiv'd relief  
By the bounty of a touch, he was made clean,  
VWhich was before both loathsome, and obscene,

Thus,

Thus, thus the *Leapers* bodied a new,  
 But we don't see what good there doth accrue  
 Unto his better parts, and that perhaps  
 Lies bed-rid in a very sad relaps.  
 His successor was happier, whose disease  
 And sin, were both remov'd which did appease  
 His piercing pains, at the *Physicians* talk,  
 Which said arise take up thy bed and walk.

How many are there like the *Leaper* soul,  
 Look no higher than their bodies do controul;  
 All other considerations, but to cover  
 Their fowler parts, and willingly do smother  
 And slight their nobler parts, which should adorn;  
 It lies infected, and exposed to scorn.

We are so eager to procure Chimestry,  
 And all that art can make to prompt Luxury;  
 To make our natures feed upon its flame,  
 While our better parts lie naked to the shame  
 Of mankind, that should with right zeal desire  
 To feed, not quench the true Celestial fire,  
 By which our souls shall ever truly be  
 Enlivened, and preserved, O Lord for thee.

How do the Torments of a limb an hour  
 Move us to feel, and want thy healing power?  
 We practice more devotion in that fit,  
 Than many a moneth before we did feel it.  
 The leath'd deformities of our worser parts  
 Gives us more grief, and more afflicts our hearts,  
 Than those pale and infernal shapes, that thus  
 Disfigureth Heaven's Character in us.

Come shew that beauty is without a blot,  
 That hath no blush of guilt, no *Leprous* spot.

That saintlike infant Man, that knows no guile,  
 I'll sit, and here admire him for a while.  
 VVe're all conceiv'd in sin, and cannot be  
 VVithout our spots, until we're washt by thee.

VVere our vains purer than the violets smell,  
 And could perfume the air yond parale.  
 VVere *Adams* sin a stranger to our blood.  
 And could our innocency have withstood  
 Thy justice, our rebellious going astray  
 VVould Check our Lusts, and prompt us thus to pray.  
 The blackness of our thoughts would proclaim  
 ( Though silently ) sin is our chiefest aim.

Yet, was there not a generation  
 That thought themselves clean without contagion,  
 VVere right in their own Eyes, and did deride  
 The world as *Leapers* in their scorning pride.  
 The *Pharisee* was the more polluted Man  
 Than the soft hearted humble Publican,  
 VVhich did so proudly his best plums display,  
 VVhich carried more contagion in that way  
 Of pride and ostentation, but he's the winner,  
 Oh God be merciful to me a sinner.

But he that trusts to merit and his paint,  
 And thinks himself a convert and a Saint  
 May loose these Joyes, if that he doth despise  
 The mercy seat, where the true comfort lies,  
 And rely on his so great stock of parts,  
 His humane Learning, and his skill in arts ;  
 VVithout thy polishing they cannot be  
 Made useful in our returns, O Lord, to thee,  
 No saint, nor Angel can procure us bliss,  
 But the only begotten son whose merit it is.



The leper is a beauty far beyond  
 My soul's more foul, and my vile courses tend.  
 Yea *Lazarus* which had so many soars,  
 Are less in number far, than my vile scores,  
 Which I have run in sin, and am as lame,  
 As the poor cripple cur'd of sin and shame.  
 Oh wash me, Lord, in thy *Bethesda* pure,  
 I shall be cleansed, and be ever sure,  
 Of thy healing mercies, let me not be  
 One of the nine ungrateful, Lord, to thee.  
 It will make my sores loathsome in thy sight  
 And me eject unto eternal night,  
 But I do know thy goodness, and thy power  
 Doth still preserve us mortals every hour;  
 That ever can keep us in a holy mean,  
 Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean

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## 1 Kings 19. 9.

*And he came unto a Cave and Lodged there.*

**D**Id the good prophets zeal so far provoke  
 Proud *Jezebel* to threat the heavy stroke  
 Of death? did he then he th' threatned rage  
 Of a furious woman to be more at large?  
 He came to *Beer-shaba* in so great fear,  
 And in much haste he left his servant there;  
 While he journied on, in his so great distress,  
 Until he came unto the wilderness.  
 Where under a *Juniper* tree he humbly sat  
 With heavy sobs, sadly bewail'd his fate.

Come Lord, it is enough, do not delay  
 Thy severe Justice, take my life away,  
 But a good Angel he doth interpose,  
 And wakes the sleeping prophet from's repose;  
 And bids him eat, and cease, this moan to make.  
 Behold, a cruze of water, and a cake  
 By divine providence prepar'd to be,  
 A support to natures necessity.  
 He eat, he slept, and willingly obeys,  
 And in that strength he travel'd forty days  
 To *Horeb*, the Mount of God, though still in fear  
 He came into a cave, and lodged there.

Behold, enraged Malice it doth force  
*Eliab* to a Cave, there's no remorse  
 In a Womans fury, there is no suspence,  
 No liberty for life, or conscience;  
 He must fly to a narrow compass to save both,  
 They are in danger if he admit of sloth.

Behold him now a *Hermis* to his pain,  
 For prophesying against wicked *Ahabs* reign  
 'Twas but a kind of tipe, that did foretel  
 To after ages such a paralel.  
 Those votaries of the Church the which did turn  
 Caves into cloisters, and therein did mourn,  
 And fill these silent grotts with divine love,  
 And chant forth ecchoes with the saints above,  
 And make them Chappels there to laud and praise,  
 In sacred *Halelujahs* all their days.  
 The purity of their zeal I much admire,  
 Make solitude it's mirth in such retire,  
 Can make Melancholly devotion fit  
 Object of glory, and the Joyes of it,  
 And sequester themselves from vain delight,  
 To contemplate with Angels day and night,

So those divine retirers have done well,  
If they ring not too loud their merit bell.  
If in imitation of the King of glory,  
They fast and pray, I such a votary  
Do highly prize, but if his vain tradition  
Take place, he must be brought unto contrition;

If that those pious exiles in devotion  
Not studying humane praise, but virtues motion  
Do contemplate with Heaven, and of its glory,  
Abandoning the world thats transitory.  
Such self denial no Man ought to blame,  
But worldlings court it, to their greater shame;  
Not caring what vile courses they pursue  
To satisfie their lusts, it is too true;  
All rapine, and disorder they commit,  
And fondly brag, and boast, and glory in it.  
But these our pious exiles, they do give  
Up both their names, and lives that they may live  
Religiously devout, 'tis strange to have  
A Prophet now retir'd unto a Cave.  
No, no, they've higher thoughts, and their devotion  
Tends much the way to get the best promotion.  
But he's the Man that humbly can deny  
His tempting lusts, when fortune cast him high,  
And can out face the world, and conquer it,  
And with our Prophet in a Cave down sit,  
With sweet contentment lodge in it all night,  
When high revenging rage sets him to flight.

Prisons and Caves are solitary places,  
Where friends think it much if that they shew their faces  
And give a word of comfort in that condition,  
But leave poor prisoners to their said contrition,  
They'l say 'tis out of the way, they cannot stay,  
They have no business that doth tend that way.

Such cunning flights they often do relate,  
 Let them have care they meet not with such fate,  
 And then their cruelty may be required,  
 And their harsh dealings, in which they delighted.

He's the divine *Hermit*, that can gain say  
 His carnal motions, and nobly obey  
 His virtue, which will quickly mount him high,  
 If he pursue the arts of Charity,  
 And not so slight the poor suffering Man,  
 But add unto his comfort all he can,  
 And make him musick with his Christian love,  
 Which will intitle him to the joyes above.  
 These are such graces in which God delight;  
 It Will have good acceptance in his sight.

If I am in a Cave, Lord, let me be  
 Refreshed, and comforted alone in thee  
 Thy mercies doth refresh me every morn,  
 Though by my friends I have been held in scorn,  
 Thou hast given support to me from hands unknown,  
 And many mercies unto me have shown.  
 Give me a thankful heart in my distress,  
 That I may follow thee, in the wilderness:  
 Oh let me worship with a reverence due  
 To thy great love, whose voice did thrice subdue  
 Thy murderers, oh teach me to submit  
 My self to what thy wisdom shall think fit.  
 Teach me all humility to make  
 A prison comfortable, and therein take  
 My whole delight in thee and of thy ways,  
 And sing forth *Hallelujahs* to thy praise  
 With *Paul* and *Silas*, let me sweetly sing  
 The praise and glory of my God and King.  
 O let not griefs confound me in this loss,  
 But bear with patience this so heavy Cross,

Which

Which would sink frail flesh and blood, did not thy hand  
 Support my weak, and feeble soul to stand  
 First to my confidence alone in thee,  
 Which hath appeared a Loving God to me,  
 Which truly is my hope, and help to save,  
 Which did relieve the Prophet in a cave  
 Wherein he lodged, and did take quiet rest,  
 And was in thy preserving power blest.  
 That I may do so, Lord, grant me thy spirit  
 To give due praises, then I shall inherit  
 Eternal mansions, thou my soul wilt save,  
 And raise me from a Prison, or a Cave  
 Into eternal bliss, the highest sphear,  
 'Mongst Saints and Angels to be lodged there.

---

## Genesis 28. 12.

*And he dreamed a Dream and behold a Ladder  
 set upon the Earth, and the top of it reached unto  
 Heaven, and behold the Angels descending and  
 ascending on it.*

**D**id Isaac call? surely he did no less,  
 And with a holy zeal his Son to bless;  
 And give him charge how to demean his life,  
 Forbidding *Canan's* Daughters for a Wife.  
 He bids him rise and go unto none other  
 But unto *Laban* his own Mothers Brother,  
 At *Padan-aram* without any stay,  
 And God Almighty bless thee in the way,  
 And multiply thy seed, that thou mayst be  
 A mighty Nation; next posterity.

May inherit the blessed promise in good deed,  
Which was made unto *Abraham* and his seed.

*Jacob* obeys and travels all the day  
Until the Sun declin'd, he made no stay,  
Then laid he down his weary bones to rest,  
Stones were his pillow, where his sleep was blest.  
He dreamt, and behold a ladder there was set,  
Where Angels did descend, ascend on it.

No sooner had good *Jacob's* soul tak'n rest,  
His contented humility was blest  
With an heavenly vision, which salutes his sense,  
That blest obedience that brought him thence  
Was ravish't with an object, that did prove  
A blessed guide unto the Heavens above ;  
Where these blest spirits so enrich his sense,  
With a sweet and harmonious influence,  
These divine Travellers not contending  
But orderly ascending, and descending.

Oh happy solitude, that thus doth meet  
A heavenly company so rich and sweet,  
A blessed interview, that did requite  
The hardness of his lodging with delight,  
In such an object did his soul take rest,  
And with such dreams, was his stir'd fancy blest.  
That the Lord of all the Earth should not dispence;  
To make good his fore promis'd providence,  
By Angels which did gradually ascend  
Up to that Heaven, which never shall have end.

When I behold the posture of this sleeper,  
Whom Angels had the charge of, as his keeper,  
And his hard lodging, which gave him delight,  
He had eternal glory, in his sight.

I cannot choose but wonder, ( in derision )  
 At them that lazily expect a vision  
 Upon their beds of down, when most at leisure,  
 Expecting apparitions in their pleasure,  
 Their spirits would grow sick of some disease,  
 If visions should disturb, or move their ease,  
 They quickly would catch cold, and loath to say,  
 At midnight I'll arise my vows to pay.  
 'Twas holy *Dauids* zeal, he did not slumber  
 ( Being fully awak'd, ) his sins did cumber  
 His new refined soul, Took much delight  
 In humility to prostitute, in the sight  
 Of his offended God, did oft confess,  
 How much he sinned 'gainst his holiness,  
 With many a sorrowful plaint, and piercing fears  
 He often wash'd his couch in penitent Tears.

God drops not miracles in the wantons lap,  
 Nor communicate grace, by chance, or hap ;  
 But confers his rich glories, chiefly to those,  
 That study virtue, and are vices foes,  
 And are cast down in trembling sorrows deep,  
 Are comforted with visions in their sleep.  
*John* must be an exile, and brought low to pine  
 Before he be enabled a divine,  
 And confer with Angels in a holy trance,  
 Before his humane learning can advance,  
 And make him a fit Harbinger for Heaven ;  
 Such gifts are not attain'd, but divinely given  
 By the wise disposer of all events,  
 Which turneth sufferings to their hearts contents.

This Holy Mans obedience made him leave  
 All carnal thoughts behind him, least it bewreave  
 Him of the blest fruition of that bliss,  
 Prepared for him in true happiness.

His prayers and meditations only keep  
 Him company, it caused an happy sleep,  
 So pleasant, that he for ever disclaim'd  
 All converse with the world, and it disdain'd  
 All secular interests, he did entertain  
 More noble thoughts, which prov'd his richer gain,  
 And made him an happy instrument of glory,  
 As 'tis recorded in the sacred story.

*Jacob* had only a rich Canopie,  
 The azure spangled Curtains of the skie ;  
 His lights the lamps of Heaven, O safe and blest,  
 Where Angels did protect, and guard his rest,  
 Ever in motion with their care defending,  
 In a holy zeal ascending, and descending !  
 Oh how securely doth he ever rest,  
 That leans on providence, and is not prest  
 With worldly cares, but joyfully doth make  
 Providence his guard, and therein chiefly take  
 His sole felicity ; he cannot miscarry,  
 If divine thoughts become his sanctuary ;  
 Nor need he fear disturbance in his sleep,  
 Where God and Angels do him safely keep.  
 Yea his very dreams will chear his soul with joy,  
 No dangers, nor assaults can him annoy.

Good *Jacob* having no sooner clos'd his eyes,  
 But by an inspir'd fancy he espies  
 These holy Porters with endeared love,  
 Inviting him unto the Heavens above ;  
 Presenting him a ladder, whereby he sees  
 There is no leaping there, but by degrees,  
 We must carefully climb Heaven, that Throne is high  
 By gradual steps of faith, and charity.  
 Every virtue is a step, if by it we climb,  
 That ladder will advance us to see him,



If we tread our vices under, and by it show  
They'r fixt unto the Earth, that is below  
Where the foot doth rest, but we must leave behind  
Our vain delights, the frailties of Mankind,  
And studiously be industrious for such gain,  
As will requite the trouble and the pain  
Our progress must be constant, and not slack  
A holy pace, if that we once look back  
Into the plain, the world will steal our sense  
From climbing with a religious reverence.

O Lord! how doth this subject meet my case,  
That am cast down into a stony place.  
I mean a place unpleasant, 'cause not free,  
But it hath mounted me, to come to thee.  
Thou hast shew'd to me a ladder, thy blest ways  
Enliven me, O Lord, to give thee praise.  
Had I bin rich, and had of plenty store,  
I should have scorn'd this ladder as heretofore;  
I thought on pleasures, and the worlds vain guise,  
Did too too much affect and bleere these eyes  
That now look up to thee, O let my sight  
Be clear to see the blest eternal light,  
Thy abundant graces! oh thou which truly art  
The great Physician, which can cure my heart;  
Give me a holy longing, and inflame  
In me a fervent zeal to praise thy name.  
If bitter potions be for my souls health,  
Apply them, Lord, although it purge my wealth.  
There is more true riches in thy love in store,  
Than ever I could lose all times before.  
Thou hast given, thou hast taken, thy blessed will be done;  
Give me thy mercies in thy only Son,  
To be my ransom, I shall be richer then,  
Then e're I was amongst the sons of Men.

This

This casting down will raise me to that Throne  
Of mercy in whom is my faith alone,  
And I therein rejoyce, though thus cast down,  
That thou look'st not on me with angry frown,  
But hast often sent thine Angels to support  
My feeble state, when they to me resort,  
And cherish this frail body, 'Tis from thee  
That so much love and bounty comforts me,  
Give me thy grace so far to use thy love  
With temperate meekness, and from me remove  
All carnal confidence and humbly bend  
My studies to please him, that me defend.

Thy promises, O Lord, do never fail,  
And yet how careless are we, that are frail;  
Thou shewest us the living way unto thy self,  
Yet we are blinded with the love of self  
Of this deluding world, we're loth to walk  
Thy pathes, yet proudly do we brag and talk  
Of coming to thee, but we are loth to climb  
That ladder, that will mount us to see him  
That sits upon the Throne, O how weak and lame  
Are our devotions, 'tis our greater shame  
To see how nimbly, we do thus pursue  
The perishing delights within our view,  
But make so little progress in that race,  
That thou hast set all ways before our face.  
Oh quicken, and make us earnest with holy love  
To invoke our Christ, that sits above  
To give us of thy spirit, that we may move  
With holy zeal to the Altar of thy love,  
Where the blest Angels do ever attend,  
As ministring spirits that ascend and descend.

Proverbs 18. 14.

*But a wounded spirit who can bear!*

**H**EARK O my soul, consider this wise prince,  
 Mark well his Councel, and not stir from thence.  
 Incline thine ear to wisdom, don't delay  
 To mind his pious precepts, let it sway  
 VWithin thy heart, O let instruction learn  
 Thee to delight, and study to discern  
 These many moral virtues, which are taught,  
 And may by grace be obtain'd, if they be sought  
 VWith a holy zeal, O let true virtue be  
 Thy chief desire, then oyntment it will be  
 Unto thy neck, as Bracelets to thine arm,  
 If thou these precepts keep, 'twill keep from harm.  
 Therefore so value them as a rich price,  
 And observe how fully it correcteth vice,  
 And helpeth much mans spirits to cheer,  
 But alas, a wounded spirit who can bear!

VWhere shall I find a temper can endure  
 Such stings of conscience, of the sad pressure  
 Beyond belief, which rageth and is mad,  
 At every gripe and pain the soul is sad,  
 The very Earth trembles, and can't sustain  
 It self, it groans and travels with its pain  
 To be delivered, the Ambitious Angels fell  
 And through their foul despair, do roar in hell.  
 How dolorous is despair? that wound is deep,  
 VWhere mercy is shut out, and Devils do keep  
 The festerd wound a bleeding, without sence  
Oh the Horror of a wounded conscience!

It so afflicts, and startles all the parts  
 VVith the terrors of the pains rais'd by such arts,  
 Yea all the tortures which the Martyrs felt,  
 VVere flea-bites to those pains rais'd by this guilt;  
 Tortures of cruell shape, would well become  
 Be easy sufferings, a pleasing Martyrdom  
 Compared unto those never dying pains,  
 Those living deatns, those tortures and those Chains;  
 That so strongly hold the sences Captive in,  
 Satans foul bands, the reward of their sin.

VVhat can there be compar'd ! not all our sence  
 Can paralel a wounded conscience.  
 The shrieks of oyls, which add blackness to the night  
 Offends the ears, yea dying groans that fright  
 And fill our souls with sadness, at such cries  
 As conscience makes, it even rends the skies  
 With the screeches of those pains their conscience utter,  
 It bears within and horrid pains they suffer.  
 Despair so rageth with a furious voice,  
 That it distempers all with its hideous noise:  
 It descants, it writes Satyrs against it self,  
 Sad dying elegies, alas poor! Else;  
 VVhat fatal Ideas dost thou thus shape  
 VVithin thy fancy? what a tone dost make  
 Surrounded with all the tortures, black grief  
 Can add? oh! 'tis so far beyond belief  
 To exprels that suffering in a perfect sence;  
 Oh the terrors of a wounded conscience!

Did *David* walk on mourning all the day  
 And night, his prickt conscience to allay?  
 Did not his eyes run over with his tears,  
 These weeping springs rais'd by his many fears?  
 He breaths nought, but such sad trembling accents,  
 As ariseth from his souls sad discontent,

Despair

Despairing Echoes, thinking it too late  
He sighes, he moans, and thus he expostulates;

Dear God is thy Mercy shut up for ever ?  
Shall my poor soul enjoy it never ?  
That attribute of thy Mercy and thy love,  
VVhich thou hast treasur'd in the Heavens above;  
Oh shut not up from me that humbly crave,  
But grant thy pardoning mercy, Lord, to save  
My afflicted soul, I hope thou wilt not be  
A God of love to all, and none to me.  
Let any other torment fright me hence,  
Than the terrors of a guilty conscience.  
Let me for ever dwell in dungeons deep,  
Or such a cell as light durst not to peep,  
In some forsaken vault, or dismal place,  
So as I may enjoy thy glorious face.  
Let all the poverty that can attend  
A wretched man, yet if thy Love thou send  
And cover my naked soul, that is thus storm'd  
All *Leprous* with sin, and much deform'd  
VVith the terrors of thy Judgments, which may take  
Vengeance on me if thou dost once forsake  
My spotted soul, oh hide these spots of mine,  
Then shall I be a beauty that will shine,  
And invite thine Eye again, for to look on  
A wretch that was furlorn, lost and gone.

Consider this ye Riotors in lust,  
VVhich dally with damnation till ye burst,  
VWhat agonies they endure, whilst void of sense  
By the griping of a wounded conscience,  
VVhich so doth rack them into many a fear  
Of grief, but a wounded spirit who can bear !

Oh who can mind his Murthering sins with pleasure,  
 And recount his bitter sweets at his sad leisure,  
 He'l meet an ill account, sin leaves behind,  
 Having mispent his nobler parts, his mind.  
 VVer't thou to die, would not thy parting groan  
 Mind thee of thy sad life, so past and gone.  
 Flattery will prove small comfort in that hour,  
 VVhen vain excuses will have little power  
 To still the conscience, or thy thoughts to chear  
 VVith joy, a wounded spirit who can bear !  
 Shew me that *Sampson* conscience with his strength,  
 But that this ugly vulture will at length  
 Both master, and subdue, what frozen soul  
 Those ashes would not melt, and so controul  
 The sturdy sinner, laden with loads of guilt,  
 VVhich hangs so heavy, that his conscience felt  
 That nasty load of crimes, that down hath hurl'd,  
 His active parts into the lower world ?  
 Not all his art, or courtship, cannot save  
 His Treacherous soul from the terrors of the grave ;  
 They are but trifles to it, could it but shroud  
 The guilty soul from darkness, oh how proud  
 VVould the soul be, if that he might be free,  
 From the terrors of a future misery !  
 But these are empty shadows, cannot keep  
 The tortur'd soul, it cannot sweetly sleep.  
 Sum all the crosses that the soul surrounded  
 The Catalogue of afflictions, thus confounded  
 There's none like this, which his vices thus inherit  
 The grief, and anguish of a troubled spirit,  
 That intolerable grief, which admits no chear  
 Or joy, but a wounded spirit who can bear !  
 VVhat burthen then doth a wounded spirit endure ;  
 Unsupportable of his pains ? griefs are sure  
 Still charged with the frights, which ariseth hence  
 By the terrors of a wounded conscience.

Oh let nor the apprehensions of thy wrath  
 So far fright us, thy sweet mercy hath  
 Much balm in store to cure a wounded spirit,  
 Which being applied by faith we may inherit  
 Eternal bliss; in our bosom thou hast set  
 A perfect Register, let us not forget  
 To sum up them up in tears without delay,  
 Recounting all the ills, that did bear sway,  
 In our most raging lusts, then shall we be  
 Cur'd of our festred wounds, O Lord, by thee,  
 Which art the great Physitian, which can heal  
 All wounded spirits, when they with faith appeal;  
 Lord, ope our eyes, then shall we clearly see  
 Our many fold transgressions against thee,  
 Then shall we by thy mercy sure inherit  
 That blessed balm will cure a wounded spirit.

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Matthew 24. 38.

*And knew not untill the flood came and took  
 them all away.*

**H**OW great's the love of Christ, that did condescend  
 To acquaint his belov'd disciples with the end  
 Of the old world, as the days of Noah were  
 Before the flood, whose lofty waves did bear  
 The preserving Ark, he saith they all shall see;  
 That so the coming of the Son of Man shall be;  
 For in those days, before the raging flood,  
 They eat, they drank, did little that was good,  
 Marry, and give in marriage, till that day  
 The flood came on, and took them all away.

How fondly, and securely did they feast  
 Themselves for ruin! they did make a jest  
 Of sin, they only striv'd to feed their lusts  
 And cram'd themselves in riot till they burst.  
 For lust, and luxury took up their heart,  
 And so possess'd it, that they could not part,  
 Till death's divorce, they were so firmly married  
 Unto their lusts, until the Ocean carried  
 Them all away, oh how sad's that feast,  
 Where overflowing Judgment takes the guests!

Just Noab's preaching could not yet persuade  
 This drunken Crew, that still did swine-like wade  
 Into all filth, his fluent admonition  
 Could not prevail to bring them to contrition.  
 But the rougher waves made a language to detect  
 Their ranting noise, in their own dialect.  
 The prodigious raging of the angry deep  
 Silenc't their prophane noise, in death's last sleep?

Had not God bound himself by promise sure,  
 That the Earth no more a deluge should endure,  
 And hath his party colored bow so fixt,  
 As that there is no doubting with it mixt.  
 But how often hath our debauch'd vain ways  
 Corrouz'd, and rioted, in those our days,  
 That we can teach the Epicure to revel,  
 And so provoke incessant wrath to level  
 Just judgments on our heads, if we aspire  
 Our next refining will be all of fire.

The former vices of our predecessor,  
 Come very short of the present transgressor  
 Of these our times, we're giants now in growth  
 In sin, by our unwairy lazy sloth,



That doth beset us, and subdue our sence;  
 That we grow monsters without penitence.  
 We study vices dayly, as though the Earth  
 Like an infernal Affrick hatch'd new birth  
 Of ugly monsters, such huge prodigies  
 Of minted sins, which dayly doth arise;  
 It startles reason, and as though we were  
 Only to feast in sin, and frolic here.  
 Was the world drown'd, did not the waters stay,  
 But carried these living dead Men away?  
 And were they taken in their great excess,  
 And shall we think to escape this wickedness?  
 And be careless, of our lives? Shall we not cry,  
 That have lived so long in such impenitency,  
 And here behold them drown'd, that thus did scatter,  
 And freely drank iniquity like water,  
 And were shipwrackt in their houses thus surpris'd  
 By death and Judgment, which they so despis'd.

So righteous art thou, Lord, in thy judgment,  
 And pure in justice, if we not repent,  
 Thy hand of justice will us overtake,  
 For our impenitency, if we don't forsake  
 Our foul transgressions, it will so incense  
 Thy justice in thy wrath, to sweep us hence.  
 And yet how good is thy transcending love,  
 That never sendest punishments from above,  
 But when our faults encrease so boldly high,  
 As to provoke thy sacred Majesty:  
 By our impenitencies we do provoke  
 Thy divine justice to the heavy stroke  
 Of judgment, which doth thus highly incense  
 Thy wrath in justice for to sweep us hence.

Lord, 'twas thy mercy, out of thy great love,  
 To assure us by thy promise from above,

To free us from so great a punishment;  
 Its memory should make our hearts relent;  
 And to admire thy mercy, meekly turn  
 Our hearts to holy penitence, and mourn,  
 And meditate, how thy judgments did o'retake  
 Them, that all virtuous precepts did foretake.  
 Let their example mind us to repent  
 Least we fall under such just punishment.

Luke 7.5.

*For he loved our Nation and hath built us a  
 Synagogue.*

**W** As the servant sick, and did his Masters love  
 So far exceed, his charity to move,  
 As to send for help to him, that was able  
 To cure his soul, (though born in a stable?)  
 He knew it was his Jesus which had power  
 To heal, he was his only Saviour;  
 To him he sent, and did passionately say,  
 I am not worthy, Lord, that thou shouldst stay  
 Under my roof, but speak and he shall be  
 Healed, and give his praises unto thee.  
 To which the great Physician freely saith,  
 I have not found in Israel so much faith.  
 The elders importunity exceeds,  
 Most gratefully magnifying his deeds,  
 And his love unto his nation did express  
 He built a Temple unto holiness.

Behold the character of a pious Man,  
 Which by virtue doth oblige all that he can,

And

And lay out his outmost interest to encrease  
 His countries good, prosperity and peace!  
 And as a father he doth still endeavor,  
 To serve his comon wealth in all what ever  
 Lies in his power, that he is justly stil'd  
 A vertuous patriot, ever meek and mild.  
 This good *Centurion* was not only high  
 In place alone, but lov'd true piety,  
 Where he was chief, and all Judea over  
 Could not paralel his worth, it did discover  
 A mine of treasure, in his soul lay hid  
 Of precious faith most richly valued.  
 Did they not hate Idolatry to prize,  
 They would his person too much Idolize,  
 And pay respect unto with adoration,  
 Who was so great a lover of their nation,  
 Herod indeed their Temple did repair,  
 But it was not for love, but panick fear;  
 'Twas but in policy for him to get  
 The Crown, that ambitiously aspir'd to it;  
 Devotion had in him the smallest aim,  
 Not a religious zeal for to maintain;  
 'Twas not his aim, he did not mind the thing;  
 His whole religion was to become King,  
 And as a Tyrant live, for to suppress  
 Christ's purer ways, which tend to holiness.

Such is the sanctity that worldlings shew  
 By pretence to virtue, whilst they bestow  
 All their endeavor to guild o're their crimes,  
 Make seeming virtue footstools to their aims.  
 Pretence of zeal, a passage to ambition,  
 Thinking they creep along without suspicion.

But the *Centurion's* zeal was nobly bent  
 To honor his nation, with a full intent.

To befriend religion with his countenance,  
 And pious acts of virtue to advance  
 With sincere intension, not pretending,  
 But faithfully their souls, and church defending.

Unlike those rulers, which do set aside  
 Religion, to set up their haughty pride,  
 And think themselves the wisest of the crew,  
 If they have no religion in their view;  
 And as our new *Enthusiasts* do delight  
 To pull down holy Temples in despite  
 To holy things, and raise even to the ground  
 The carved works of structures, and abound  
 In novelties, and think it good to fight  
 'Gainst Kings, entrusted with protecting right,  
 Which sparkles like to Diamonds in their Crown,  
 And fills them full of splendor and renown;  
 They are the Churches patriots to preserve  
 All divine right, and faithfully to serve,  
 As conservators of that dignity,  
 Which they do hold from God in humility.

No, these material Temples cannot be  
 Sure monuments to all posterity;  
 Could we build Pyramids to reach the sky,  
 Or Alabaster piles carv'd curiously,  
 Or plates of brass, to eternize our name,  
 They were but empty shadows to the frame,  
 That building without hands which none can sever  
 From the immortal soul, which lives for ever.

The Synagogue, which the *Centurion* raise  
 Became a greater monument to his praise,  
 And lasted longer, it engaged the Jews  
 To gratitude, and wonder, they did muse

At such unwonted favor, they swift did run,  
And became advocates to heal his son,  
And prest him with such arguments to move  
His pittie towards him, shew'd so much love  
In such abundant measure, he did raise  
A synagogue to his immortal praise.

Such honor is return'd to all that aim  
To advance thy glory, and to praise thy name.  
Such as have zeal for glory shall be blest  
With spiritual joy, and ever be at rest.  
The meanest offering they do make to thee,  
It shall not only here accepted be,  
But so rewarded in eternal bliss,  
Where all true joy, and every comfort is,  
And stir up emulation, who should be  
Most forward to express true piety.

Lord, let not those are ignorant of thy power  
Outtrip us in devotion, that each hour  
Depend on thee, and seemingly profess  
The true religion in truth and holiness.  
Oh ! Let our holy carriage so adorn  
Thy publick worship, and not be a scorn;  
Let our bodies be Temples, not a cell,  
That grace, and all the virtues there may dwell.

So teach us, Lord, our living souls may be  
Temples, where praises may be given to thee,  
And raise our hearts ever to make address  
To thee alone, who art only goodness,  
And let us not think building structures will  
Eternize names, unless we do fulfill  
Thy holy precepts, and there fix our thought;  
All other buildings are but vain and naught.

John 20. II

*But Mary stood without at the Sepulchre weeping, and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the Sepulchre.*

**D**Id Mary weep? and can our Eyes be dry?  
Will nought afflict our sence? no misery,  
No loss so great, make us shed tears? but stay!  
Consider it is the resurrection day,  
When her blest body bowed to look in there,  
Where he was laid, the loathed Sepulchre,  
Where she beheld her Saviours tomb with grief,  
Which was her sweetest comfort, and relief,  
See how religiously she stoops to look  
Into the grave, with care, least she mistook!  
When her younger sisters vainly did mispend  
Their precious time in dressing, which doth tend  
To carnal pleasures, some will scarce allow  
A modest kneeling, or an humble bow  
In their religious worship, they so slight  
All reverence due to Majesty and might.

See, see the power of love that is divine,  
Made *Mary* look into a loathed Shrine!  
Which could strike the world with paleness, and affright  
The boldest Champion Saint, and put to flight  
Our faith, had not the perfumes, which came thence,  
Rarified the air with its sweet influence,  
And perfum'd that nasty vault amongst hardstones  
And crazy coffins, rotten dead mens bones,  
Which were his pillow, till that joyful Morn,  
When he arose in triumph to adorn

The

The heavenly Throne, and there doth ever shine  
In perfect glory, which is most divine.

See, how the Martyrs Triumpht in their flame,  
And gloried in their sufferings for his name,  
And were carried in raptures through the fire  
In holy love, and zeal! they did aspire  
Into true joy, that element did warm  
Their earthy parts, and did their souls no harm;  
They nobly met with death, their souls did sing  
Most divine Anthems unto Christ their King.  
Their chains were Musick, they did seem to be  
Rather Priests than victims in that solemnity.

How sweetly did the blessed Martyr Stephen  
Expire, he having seen his Christ and Heaven!  
That heap of Cursed stones, rais'd to torment  
His earthy part, prov'd a blest monument,  
Far richer than the chiefest Artists skill  
In the proudest marble it could paralel.  
He cimited it with his blood, and made it faster,  
By the undaunted spirit of the first Martyr.

Thus did the suffering saints their tortures turn  
To pleasures, and the terrors of the urn  
To a stream of mirth, not all their rage  
Of fiercest Tyrants could once disengage  
Their souls from comfort, nay the newest pain  
Of studied torments could not hinder their gain,  
Or force them from their pious Christian love,  
They ever bore to Christ who sits above.

He that so loves his Saviour will arise,  
And stoop with Mary to enrich his eyes  
With the fruition of that desired sight,  
That is so full of splendor, power, and might,

And

And not only stoop, but step into a tomb;  
 And embrace a coffin in that dismal room;  
 And look on death, but as the door to bliss,  
 The Messenger of glory, and happiness.  
 And with St. Paul in raptures all in flame  
 Begging a dissolution of this frame,  
 While his soul in extasies transports its sence  
 Into a holy zeal, to be mov'd hence.

O Lord, with what regret do we forsake  
 Earths vanishing pleasures in which we do take  
 So great delight, the which should make us sorry,  
 That we do strive so little for thy glory.  
 But are ever unwilling to let down  
 Our lives our pleasures for an immortal Crown,  
 In obedience to the law of the blest Kingdom,  
 Which saith thy service is a perfect freedom.  
 And yet we count the sweetest sanctuary  
 A Prison, and trouble, if we find it vary  
 From our vile lusts, and think our selves to blame;  
 If that we pay due honor to thy name,

Pardon, O Lord, the corruptions of our frame;  
 And teach us how to love, and prize thy name;  
 But whether we live or die, we may delight,  
 In that which is most pleasant in thy sight.  
 That when this Tabernacle shall dissolve,  
 Our earthy bodies may surely involve  
 Into everlasting joyes, the seat of bliss,  
 The only residence of happiness,  
 And stoop withal due reference and fear,  
 And look into a loathed Sepulchre.



*Meditation.*

347

*Ecclesiastes 12. 1.*

*Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*

**H**OW sweet's the preachers voice that doth invire  
Youth to a plous care, and doth excite  
A holy life, it is the best expression  
In all his sermon, checking youths transgression.  
Here younger Ones, are bid to have a care  
Of spending time, least that they do ensnare  
Their souls in sin, for none indeed can tell,  
How soon young Men may hear their passing bell,  
Toll the sad dirty of their latest breath,  
Surrendring up their sences all to death.

The divine preachers chiefeft aim is this,  
To stir youth up to early holiness.  
And yet the worlds not pleased with the strain,  
It sounds too harsh, though it design their gain.  
Look on the creatures with a single eye,  
And you this doctrine quickly will espy;  
They plainly preach it, yet we slug and slumber  
With open eyes, our duller thoughts do cumber  
Our purer meditations, which should be  
Of our backslidings, and returns to thee.  
Regardless youth delighteth not to hear,  
This silver trumpet sounding in his ear.  
It spoils his mirth, and sours his sweeter Muse;  
Stirs thoughts of Heaven too soon, he'd rather choose  
His Carnal sports, than thus to dull his wit,  
Make him look grave, before he attain to it.  
His spritely blood thinks it too hard a task  
To be religious, he prefers a mask

And

And rather ravel out his time in pleasure,  
Whose vainest sports, are held his chiefest treasure?

Fond youth, call in these thoughts, lament thy way;  
Remember the approaching judgment day,  
When we to God, a sure account must give  
Of all our actions, whilst we here do live.  
Let not these fleshly objects of thy pleasure  
Transport our senses, beyond a due measure  
From Heaven, and heavenly things, which should rejoyce  
Our very hearts to hear the Preachers voice.

And shall these lusts, which we pursue in pleasure  
Bewreave us of our joy, our only treasure?  
Shall we have greater zeal for to transgress,  
Than for to magnifie thy holiness?  
And shall those pleasures that do quickly die;  
Quite drown the thoughts of immortality?

My life, that's but a span, let it decay,  
And shorten rather, than mispend my day.  
Better this earthy tabernacle be  
Dissolved, than I by sin should fall from thee.  
Much better 't is that I should quickly pay  
Nature her debt, and turn again to clay,  
Than with thy justice run too far in score,  
That so thy goodness may again restore  
Me to thy blessed self, which cannot be,  
But by thy mercies Lord alone to me.  
'Twas thou didst bring me from the lowest dust  
To serve thy self, not base, and filthy lust.  
Thou didst implant in me a sacred ray  
Of thine own self, to light the ready way  
Of thy commands, which if we do pursue  
With upright hearts, then surely will ensue

Such

Such joyes, as do accompany thy grace;  
Then cause me, Lord, no longer to misplace  
My roving sence, but henceforth fixt it fast  
In my desires to follow Christ at last.

Make me, O God, ever to prize thy glory;  
Declining pleasures meerly transitory,  
And teach me for to use this vain vain world,  
As that which may again by thee be hurl'd  
Into a Chaos, let me not lose thee,  
Nor the blest mansions of eternity.

Dear friends prize virtue though your blood gainsay,  
Love and delight therein, 'tis the true way;  
Other are by pathes, which do tend to sin,  
Much joy you'l find if that you walk therein,  
Pursue it strictly, 'tis a serious truth,  
Remember your Creator in your youth!

---

Luke

Luke 18. 11.

*The Pharisee stood up and pray'd; God I thank  
thee I am not as other Men are.*

**D**Id Christ reprove by parable these Men,  
Which trusteth in themselves, and rudely bin  
Despisers of others, in a haughty pride,  
An humble sanctity could not abide,  
But overvalued in a fair pretence  
Of self conceit, not giving reverence,  
And humility to those parts they had receiv'd,  
But boasting of themselves they had deceiv'd  
The world, till Christ did sharply them reprove,  
In which he shew'd his mercy and his love.

How proudly do the Pharisee give thanks,  
He stands on tip-toe venting his vain pranks,  
Ungrateful pride hath alter'd his disposition,  
Which used long prayers, and vain repetition:  
The fits not now upon him for to pray,  
He's out of tune, but opes his mouth to bray,  
Not to adore his God, but commend himself  
In such proud boasting: but alas poor elf,  
That is so highly ravish'd with his parts,  
Not caring for to study divine arts,  
But with so cold a zeal a posture ill,  
'Twere better he had bin unthankful still.  
He exceeded other Men in his own sence,  
In a superlative kind of impudence.

How largely doth he set forth his own worth,  
Making no Apology for his filthy froth.

He

He thanks God with a mind that's fully bent  
 To praise himself, 'tis rather complement,  
 Than prayer, he thinketh it Idolatry  
 To worship images, yet his vain folly  
 Makes him adore himself with his own praise,  
 As do the Catholick Pharisees of our days  
 In works of superarrogation high,  
 And think by it strait unto Heaven to fly,  
 Having numbred o're their beads their Ave-Mary's,  
 Their superstitious rights, that foully varies  
 From the true Catholick Church, that blessed spouse  
 Of Christ, whose splendid glory doth even rouse  
 My soul, in contemplations of its love,  
 Which will no're be perfected, till with Christ above,  
 Though that Rome's Juglers do pretend they can  
 Open, and shut the door to every Man,  
 And enjoyn such penance as Christ ne're require,  
 And teach by pilgrimages, they aspire  
 The heavenly Throne, by their excess of merit,  
 Thinking thereby salvation to inherit,  
 Let them forbear further to urge this strife,  
 'Tis Christ which saith, I am the dore, and life.  
 How nimble our *Enthusiasts* follow their Leaders  
 These trembling Saints, these sanctimonious pleaders,  
 By imperious purity seem to reform  
 The world, and with an attack of words to storm  
 The whole Creation, new model it again  
 And Saint themselves new stile, with all their train,  
 And tell God plainly with their tongue and pen,  
 They are the elect, not like to other Men,  
 And railingly proclaim, that we are down hurl'd  
 And they the only true lights of the world.  
 In such a pious lunacy and strain  
 They rant, as come to Gospel us again,  
 Extravagantly prescribing religious rights  
 To the melancholly fancy of their sights,

And

And in a sullen zeal, they think they shine  
 As Stars, counting themselves purely divine;  
 Secluded from others in a peevish trance  
 Of supposed zeal, their ignorance to advance;  
 And proudly vent their follies with so much vanity,  
 To the loss of all good order, and humanity.

See how vain Man doth thus delude his sence  
 In performance of religious reverence?  
 How is his heart taken Captive with such wiles;  
 As Satan casts before him with his smiles,  
 And make him think he's better than other Men;  
 When alas poor soul, he can but badly ken  
 His way aright, yet with all his might,  
 Urge his performance boldly in the fight  
 Of his Creator, whose all seeing eye  
 Beholds his weakness, and his faults espy.  
 Humility Crowns all graces, and puts on  
 A comely beauty to religion;  
 When confidence in merit doth deform,  
 Most zealous actions done with so much scorn;  
 And secludes us from the enjoyment of that bliss;  
 VWhich attends an humble zeal in happiness,

Teach us, O Lord, an humble gratitude;  
 And self denial of our selves, not rude  
 Prophaness to approach thy glorious Throne  
 Of mercy, which is our hope alone.  
 Oh lets not be forgetful of that power;  
 VWhich chastiseth mortals every day and hour;  
 Nor pride our selves in works, though ne're so great  
 But humbly prostitute before the seat  
 Of our offended God, and there confess  
 Our great presumption 'gainst his holiness;  
 And bewail the imperfections of our spirit;  
 By such an holy meekness we may inherit

The heavenly mansions, where we may have access  
By faith in Christ and devout holiness.

---

## Matthew 16. 26.

*For what is a Man profited, if he shall gain  
the whole world and lose his own soul.*

**B**ewitching world, how hath thy baits deceiv'd  
Poor Man, by thy allurements, and bereav'd  
Of purest comforts, for a moments pleasure  
To be shut out of the blest joyes for ever?  
The enjoyment of our carnal pleasures here  
Are purchas'd, at a rate extreamly dear.  
The Indian Mines are of too small a price,  
In value for that place where comfort lies.  
All Crowns, and scepters, the earths highest bliss  
Are trifles to that infinite gloriousness.  
Then cease thy proling humor, and controul  
Thy pining cares, lest that thou lose thy soul.

And yet poor Man labors under mistake,  
Thinking the world his Heaven, and never take  
Right aims, but with a covetous desire  
Of greatness, earnestly striving to aspire  
To some great title, or bubble here on Earth,  
Which quite expireth with its latest breath,  
And while he labors with uncessant toil,  
Is disappointed by some petty foil.  
He frets, and fumes that he hath lost his station,  
And so is turn'd to brutish transmutation,  
And buries his souls divinity in this Earth,  
Which should have greater happiness after death.

H

Here

Here this all ye that study complements,  
 And look no higher than the elements,  
 Ye gallants of the world, that are on fire  
 To pawn your souls to satisfy your desire  
 For fading pleasures, chief felicity  
 A seemingly delightful misery,  
 Which glisters for a time, you'll surely find,  
 They are but shadows, that delude the mind.

Heark all you lofty aspirers to ambition,  
 Check your proud fancies with a fair submission.  
 You that can worship Satan with delight,  
 And do him homage with your strength and might,  
 And glory in your lust without controul,  
 And pay the immortal tribute of your soul.  
 Thy revellings will be horror in that day,  
 When sad regrets will check thy soul, and say,  
 What profit is it for to gain the world,  
 And lose my immortal soul, and so be hurl'd  
 Down from my lofty state, to endless flame,  
 Where's dread, and horror, infamy, and shame.

Heark you sensualists, that make disputes,  
 Whose souls are as unconcern'd as bruits,  
 And panteth after pleasures seeming fair,  
 With more desire than *Camelion* for air,  
 Thou, that wad'st in foaming floods of vice  
 O'rewhelm'd with wantonness at any price,  
 Sporting thy self in the full bathes of pleasure,  
 Shunning that Christal stream, divinest treasure,  
 Counting religion dross, and do seem able  
 To correct divinity, as a very fable,  
 And in such height of humor thy thoughts advance,  
 Thinking the lives of Saints a meer Romance,  
 Laughing at Heav'n, and that diviner light,  
 Keeping the worlds vain objects in thy sight.



It will bleer thy eyes unless thou dost repent;  
Thy looser ways will suffer punishment.

Hearken thou misery that hath given thy ear  
To the Rhetorick of a bag, thy soul doth cheer  
At the musick of a purse, where is thy aim  
That gaze thy eyes to blindness at a Jem,  
Wishing thy self an Indian for such pleasure;  
That thou mayst ever dwell amongst such treasure,  
Inhabit mines, until thou art turn'd to ore  
Thy hairs to silver, and thy heart, which pore  
On the worlds filth, into a wedg of gold;  
Then wilt thou be a person fit to hold  
Correspondence with the Devil in the lower vaults;  
Which will severely strip thee for thy faults;  
Though thou art seemingly in a golden slumber  
He'll find a time thy covetous thoughts to cumber,  
With his severe corrections, thou wilt howl,  
That thou so lov'd the world, to lose thy soul,

Hearken ye gallants, which have lost your sence,  
And are enamored on fashions, with pretence  
To beautifie your Limbs with better shapes,  
Have lost your true Ideas, are turn'd apes,  
And meerly live to feed vain luxury,  
With studied dishes for debauchery,  
And martyr many creatures to fulfil  
The unchast desires of your wanton will;  
Like Epicures on that abundance given  
By the most good and bountifull hand of Heaven?

Are your veins purer, have you nobler spirits,  
Then should your passions be full of great merits,  
Abandoning a base, and covetous mind,  
In getting wealth, which will scatter with the wind;

And breath of the displeasure of the giver,  
Which soon can blast our hopes and make them wither  
Into a sterile, dry, and pale complexion,  
And make thee know, that thou art in subjection  
To powers divine, that can stop thy career;  
And make thy griping covetous purchase dear.

Could we live old, and still recover strength,  
Not finding the miseries of age at length;  
Could we unwind time, and reverse its wheel,  
Stop the celestial posts, and make them reel,  
And set the worlds great clock far back again,  
What shall we get by it, but trouble and pain,  
Imaginary felicities here,  
Sliding contentments, purchas'd very dear?  
And when we're listed in the dismal book,  
That accursed catalogue of the damned, look  
And ask *Dives*, without any controul,  
What did it profit him to lose his soul.

Oh Lord, what is there in this world to prize,  
And weary our selves with vain desires to raise  
A temporary felicity and name,  
Which quickly vanisheth, as a blast or flame.  
'Tis hard to him, that's to thy law a stranger,  
To apprehend the misery, and danger  
Of covetous desires, the length of time  
Hath made that vice a habit, and incline  
Our natures to the breaches of thy law.  
Oh Lord, teach me with care to stand in awe  
Of losing thee my God, my only pleasure,  
Whom to enjoy is the divinest treasure.

O let the blessings thou hast freely given  
Quicknen our duller souls, with thanks to Heav'n,

From whom we have receiv'd the chief promotion;  
 Let it not slack, but quicken our devotion,  
 And raise contemplations, nor vainly rude  
 But with obedience, and humble gratitude,  
 That so the vanities that are here below  
 May be our scorn, but the graces with do flow  
 From thy abundant mercy may delight us  
 To the bosom of thy Church, good Lord, unite us,  
 And raise our spirits, our vices to controul,  
 And think no profit for to lose our soul.

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## Canticles 2. 1.

*I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lilly of the valleys.*

**T**is Solomons song, his most Seraphick strein,  
 That in high, and transcendent raptures aim  
 To express Christs love, to his Church the sacred spouse,  
 Doth not his fervent divine fancy rouze  
 These high passionate expressions divine,  
 The Rose of Sharon, love better than wine;  
 Lilly of the valleys, turtle undefild,  
 Love of delights, sweeter than spices mild,  
 Spikenard and Mirrhe, Saphron and Frankincense,  
 All these allusions, in an amorous sence  
 Of divine love, as in a holy song,  
 VVith lofty ejaculations all along  
 In a devout harmony doth allude  
 In allegory, and similitude.

The Rose is natures perfume, it displays  
 Its treasures through the air unto its praise;

It delighteth sense both in color, and smell,  
 Whose odoriferous beauty none can paralel,  
 Other flowers (like *Hypocrites*) are fair of color,  
 And in a painted shew they do seem fuller  
 Of various shapes, but they have not the scent  
 Of that sweet Rose, that still is fragrant,  
 And retains its sweetness, ev'n in withered dust,  
 When other flowers of Color pine, and burst  
 Into a nasty shape, of the Rose is made  
 A cordial, so, that it doth never fade;  
 It's virtues are still useful of great price,  
 Of vegetables natures paradise.

In this wonder of flowers, we may espy  
 Not only Physick but Divinity;  
 It wears Heaven's liberty, in its beauteous color,  
 Natures master piece, nothing is fuller  
 Than the sweet lovely blushes of the Rose,  
 That Rose of *Sharon*, which all wisdom knows  
 With many prickles, was his head surrounded,  
 With ranting scoffs, was his pure soul confounded;  
 The perfumes of his prayers rais'd a richer smell,  
 Than all *Arabia's* spices can paralel,  
 His divine miracles were higher scented,  
 Than all odoriferous gums, if sublimated  
 Into one perfume, its a rise to that sweet,  
 That cordial posse where the God-head might  
 As joint to one, and sent such perfumed thence,  
 Which should enamour our hearts with reverence,  
 To adore that Rose of *Sharon*, which will never  
 Lose its perfume, but will smell sweet for ever.

Oh let us run with meekness, (not presume)  
 After the odors of thy sweet perfume;  
 And have fervent desires for thee alone,  
 And for the streams that do flow from thy Throne.

Imprint in me such rays of divine grace,  
A purity capable to see thy face.  
The greatest perfections in creatures lie;  
But a drop of transcendent excellency  
That is in thee, let me have a longing strife  
To imitate the purity of thy life,  
And in an humble meekness to submit,  
To such indignities as thou thinkst fit,  
And when I shall lay down this earthly feature  
I may be raised a renewed creature;  
And be comforted with perfumes of thy love,  
VWhich are prepared with the Saints above,  
In the eternal paradise of rest,  
VWith the true Rose of Sharon ever blest.

*Psalms 119. 92.*

*If my delight had not been in thy Law: I should  
have perished in my trouble.*

---

*F I N I S.*



*To the Honorable the Lord Chief justice  
Raynsford, upon his adding St. George's  
Church to the rules of the Kings Bench.*

**T**Hanks noble Raynsford, for this bounteous favor  
To prisoners restrained, it doth sweetly favor  
Of a pious clemency, thus to enlarge  
The footsteps of those Men under thy charge,  
You've outdone loyal Keeling (that act we'll sound)  
He'n larg'd the rules, thou givest us holy ground,  
St. George's Church, Englands Titular Saint,  
VWhere we may freely go, and make complaint  
Of our hard creditors, and devoutly pray,  
That he'll enlarge his mercies in the day  
Of your account, we'll study to express  
All ways of gratitude, for this happiness,  
With thanks unto our Marshal for his love,  
VWhich doth oblige us faster, far above  
All other obligations, we'll express  
All cordial love with humble thankfulness.

*Pardon Dear Sir, that I this silence break,  
That am the meanest, how could others speak?*

*An*

*An Elegie on the death of Edmund Lenthal  
Esq: late Marshal of the Kings Bench.*

**A** Re prisons sad ? is't not a place of grief,  
To be restrain'd from liberty, the chief  
Desire of Man, but here a comforts given,  
VWhen a mild keeper is decreed from Heaven,  
Such one we had, but suddenly snatcht hence  
By the impartial hand of providence,  
Death with his pale fac'd Envy hath bereav'd  
Of comfort, in which we were not deceiv'd.  
His carriage was obliging sweet, and kind,  
Expressing still a bounteous noble mind,  
And generous Courtesy, yet his care was just  
Preserving them, that did oblige his trust.  
In such an harmony his acts did meet,  
Mixt mercy with justice in consort sweet.

My meditations of Joy, and gladness  
Are turn'd to Elogies, and songs of sadness.  
He's taken hence, which my sad soul did chear,  
I cease to write, surpriz'd with mournful tear.

**T H E**

Э Н Т





# T H E T A B L E

## Of the FIRST PART.

Philippians Chap. 4. v. 12.

1. **I** Know how to abound, and how to suffer need, &c.

Job 2. 10.

2. In all this did not Job sin with his Lips.

Romans 6. 12. and part of 21.

3. Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal bodies, that you should obey it in the Lusts thereof: For the end of these things are death. 7

Matthew 15. 28.

4. And he said unto her, O Woman great is thy Faith. 11

John 12. 2.

5. But Lazarus was one of those that sat at the Table with him. 14

Genesis 2. 8.

6. And the Lord God planted a Garden East-ward in Eden. 17

Luke

# THE TABLE.

Luke 10. 25.

7. *And behold, a certain Lawyer stood up and tempted him, Master, what shall I do to inherit Eternal Life.* 20

John 11. 36.

8. *Jesus Wept.* 23

Matthew 6. 33.

9. *But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his Righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you, &c.* 25

John 13. 23.

10. *And there was leaning on Jesus bosom, one of his Disciples whom he loved, &c.* 29

Luke 19. 9.

11. *This day is Salvation come to thy House.* 31

Luke 9. 57.

12. *Lord, I will follow thee wheresoever thou goest.* 36

*A Copy of Verse to Sir Anthony Bateman on the Death of his Daughter.* 40

*An Elogy on the Name and Death of the Virtuouse Lady Martha Bateman, who departed this Life the Tenth of December, 1674.* 41



T H E  
T A B L E  
Of the SECOND PART.

Numbers 27. 16, 17.

1. **L**et the Lord, the God of the Spirits of all flesh, set a man over the Congregation. Which may go out before them, and which may go in before them, and which may lead them out, and which may bring them in; that the Congregation of the Lord be not as Sheep which have no shepherd.

P. 1.

Matthew 5. 8.

2. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God, &c. 6

Daniel 12. 3.

3. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the Firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the Stars for ever and ever. 9

Matthew 2. 18.

4. And when they saw the Star, they rejoiced with exceeding great Joy. 12

Ecclesiastes 12. 13.

5. Fear God and keep his Commandments, for this is the whole duty of Man. 16

Matthew

# THE TABLE.

Matthew 8. 2.

6. And behold! there came a Leper and worshipped him,  
saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. 20

1 Kings 19. 9.

7. And he came unto a Cave and lodged there. 23

Genesis 28. 12.

8. And he dreamed a Dream, and behold a Ladder set upon  
the Earth, and the top of it reached unto Heaven, and be-  
hold the Angels descending and ascending on it. 27

Proverbs 18. 14.

9. But a wounded Spirit who can bear? 33

Matthew 24. 38.

10. And knew not until the Flood came and took them all  
away. 37

Luke 7. 5.

11. For he loved our Nation and hath built us a Synagogue. 40

John 20. 11.

12. But Mary stood without at the Sepulchre weeping, and  
as she wept she stooped down and looked into the Sepulchre. 44

Ecclesiastes 12. 1.

13. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. 47

Luke 18. 11.

14. The Pharisee stood up and pray'd, God I thank thee I  
am not as other men are. 50

Matthew 16. 26.

15. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole  
world, and lose his own soul? 53

Canticles

# THE TABLE.

Canticles 2. 1.

16. *I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lilly of the Vallies.* 57

*A Copy of Verses to the Right Honorable the Lord Chief Justice Raynsford.*

*An Elogy on the Death of Edmund Lenthal Esq;*

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F I N I S.

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